© 2007 Look and Learn Magazine Ltd / www.lookandlearn.com. All rights reserved.

Children's Newspaper

The Staggering Secret of an Atom
See the C.N. Monthly—My Magazine

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 85 Week Ending OCTOBER 30, 1920 EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE Ready Every Friday 2d.

IS THE MOON DEAD OR DYING?

OLDEST OLD MASTER

DISCOVERY OF AN OLD WORLD TREASURE

Picture Drawn by a Stone Age Man

PORTRAIT OF A MAN 200 CENTURIES AGO

Every now and again a painting by an Old Master, one of the great artists who lived three or four hundred years ago, comes into the auction room and is sold for anything up to £100,000. Originally the artist received for his masterpiece little more than a dustman can earn in one week now.

The picture's value is due partly to its beauty and partly to its age. But if an Old Master three hundred years old is interesting and valuable, what is to be said of a picture which is twenty thousand years old?

There has just been discovered in a cave at Colombrères, in the south of France, a vase on which is a skilfully-drawn picture of a man in a skin garment. He is shown in profile, and Professor Depéret, of Lyons University, says the picture is probably 200 centuries old, drawn at the time the reindeer and mammoth were roaming over France. In any case, it is the oldest Old Master in existence, the very first portrait of a man on record.

Pictures Scratched on Bone

How was it that those men of the Old Stone Age were such clever artists? Very few people now can draw as well as they could. In the caves of Dordogne, and other parts of the south of France, many of these ancient drawings scratched on bones and tusks have been found, and show high artistic skill.

One fragment portrays a mammoth so accurately that a scientist, Professor Brandt, was able from it to describe the animal more accurately than from a modern drawing of an actual mammoth found frozen in Siberia in 1806. There was no question, he said, of the superiority of the artist of the Stone Age over the contemporary Russian artist.

Horses, reindeer, wild goats, chamois, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, oxen, antelopes, and foxes are all shown.

Mystery of the Stone Age

Before this new discovery the oldest representation of the human form was scratched on a staff found in the cave of La Madeleine, in the Dordogne district of France. On it a man is shown standing between two horses' heads, and near by, in what is evidently water, is a creature like a conger eel. The man's face is without expression, and his limbs are incomplete. The newly-found picture, however, is not only a better portrait, but is apparently older.

Up to eight years ago none of these prehistoric pictures had been found in Britain, but at that time a drawing was discovered inside a cave in South Wales.

The Stone Age Man and His Pictures

The oldest portrait ever known has just been found in France, drawn by a man of the Stone Age probably 20,000 years ago. Here our artist shows us the Stone Age men at work on the walls of their caves

The great mystery is that, while the older men could draw animals and people so well, the later men of the New Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and still more recent periods, were unable to make more than crude geometrical designs. This has puzzled scientists.

Lord Avebury thought this implied a difference of race at the different periods. Perhaps the later men conquered and killed off, or drove away, the Old Stone Age men. It is significant that today the Eskimos can draw quite well, while the Polynesians, who are in many ways more advanced, have practically no idea of portraying animals or men or plants, but merely make a few simple geometrical patterns.

What will this new Old Master be worth in money? Well, it is worth a fortune in adding to our knowledge of early man; but if it were put up to auction it is doubtful if any profiteer would bid for it. Curiously enough, however, in 1869 a lover of antiquity offered to pay a million francs, or £40,000, for one case of these primitive drawings scratched on bones and found in the French caves, but his offer was refused, and the sale did not take place.

NEXT WEEK'S C.N.

Valuable School Supplement

With this week's C.N. is given away a scientific supplement of the Moon; with next week's will be given away another supplement, showing the changes that the Great War has made in the map of the world.

The supplement will be the shape and size of this week's, and will be convenient for hanging in schoolrooms, where it will be probably the first single map showing the great body of the changes due to the war.

DICK WHITTINGTON WITHOUT HIS CAT

Office Boy Becomes Lord Mayor

NEW LONDON ROMANCE

The beautiful old bells of Bow may peal, but they will recall no Whittington from Holloway, for he is already on the spot, and does not mean to leave.

Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London,

the old Bow Bells called to poor Dick as he was trudging through Holloway, determined to seek his fortune in a wider world than London, and he turned back, we are told, at the bidding of the bells, and became Lord Mayor.

The bells will throb their merry lay again this year, and we shall think of them and their story when a sort of up-to-date Dick Whittington, in the person of Alderman James Roll, sets out in procession in the famous gilded coach as the chief magistrate of the City. He is what Dick Whittington *should have been*. He is a romantic possibility realised.

A Boy from the Country

James Roll came up to town very many years ago from a rustic home at East Ruston, the birthplace of Richard Porson, one of the profoundest Greek scholars we ever had. Porson went from Ruston to Cambridge University; little James Roll went as undergraduate into that greatest of schools, the City of London itself, where the subjects to be studied are Man and his enterprises.

He had no cat to sell to an opulent potentate of Barbary to bring him a fortune, no hard master's beautiful daughter to bestow her hand in prosperity where she had given her love in adversity. He became a humble office boy in the City, and from that lowly rank worked his way by diligence, honesty, and brains to a foremost place in the business life of the country. And now he is to be Lord Mayor.

The Real Dick

Not quite so romantic as the story of the real Dick Whittington, but Dick's own story was really very different from our nursery and pantomime versions. There were two Dick Whittingtons, the actual "thrice Lord Mayor" and the Dick of our jolly legend. The actual Dick became rich and helped the Crown with loans, clad the royal princesses in cloth of gold when they went to their weddings, and founded magnificent institutions for the poor.

But there was no cat, no wealth brought home from Barbary, no sweet Alice to soothe his sorrows in the gloom of the kitchen. All that belongs to legend.

The true Dick Whittington lived in Chaucer's time and into the first quarter of the 15th century. The now familiar legend was not attached to his name until the beginning of the 17th century. Alderman James Roll, however, really was a poor brave boy.

© 2007 Look and Learn Magazine Ltd / www.lookandlearn.com. All rights reserved.

COUNTRY HOUSE FOR PREMIERS

MAGNIFICENT GIFT TO THE NATION

Labour Men May Rest in an Old Cromwell House

WEEK-ENDS AT CHEQUERS

Arrangements are being made for the immediate handing over of Chequers, the famous country house in Buckinghamshire, for the use of the Prime Minister or such other members of the Government as may choose to enjoy it.

Chequers is the unique gift of Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham to the country.

The old mansion stands in a charming estate in the Chiltern Hills, three miles from Princes Risborough, about 35 miles from London, and is ideally placed as a haven of rest in the midst of beautiful country within easy reach of the capital. The house is old, and has many historic associations. It has links with important events of Commonwealth days, for Cromwell's family were associated with Chequers before our present royal house was thought of in the British Isles.

Idea Born in the Stress of War

Well, the splendid idea came to Lord Lee of making this fair domain over to the nation. The scheme took shape in his brain during the perilous days of the war, and the announcement was made in 1917, when the stress and strain upon members of the British Government were almost unendurable. The war ended, and the inspired idea of war days has been ratified in the calmer days of peace.

Chequers, then, becomes the week-end rest-home of the Prime Minister, or, if he cannot go, then of the Foreign Secretary, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and so on, right through the Cabinet. If none of these desires to take advantage of a period of rest, then the American Ambassador is welcome.

The Generosity of It

It is as complete a gift as could be devised. The property is worth about £300,000, but that does not exhaust the value of this offering to the nation, for a sum of money is invested for the maintenance of the property, for the supply of a staff of servants, and for the upkeep of live-stock. Moreover, the official guest, Prime Minister, or whoever he may be, is entitled to draw from the estate £15 for every week-end actually spent at Chequers to cover any expenses incurred.

Chequers is the country house of the Prime Minister of the day. But suppose the capital of the Empire should not always be London? It might one day be transferred elsewhere, as in Roman history, as in Russian history, and as in the records of other empires of the past.

Lord Rosebery some years ago suggested that it might one day be in Canada. In that case Chequers would be available for the officials holding the highest offices in the Ministry at home in little England. If the house should remain unused for 20 years then it would be sold, and the money handed to the Public Trustee for the purchase of pictures for the nation.

Week-Ends Free from Care

We are only at the beginning of the new history of Chequers. Our children may live to see a Labour Prime Minister in residence in this old home of the Cromwells. Lord Lee contemplated such a possibility when he provided for the £15 week-end grant. May the gift prove as happy to its recipients as the idea which prompts it.

We wish our Prime Ministers many happy week-ends in this great house, free from care—quiet times in which, amid noble surroundings and inspired by noble memories, they may seek and find new strength for their great task.

A MAN AND THE SOIL

Discovery that May Enrich France

TURNING OVER THE EARTH AND PREPARING THE SEED

The country districts in France are greatly interested in experiments now being made in cultivating wheat.

Some observers think a discovery has been made which may help France to grow enough to feed herself, instead of having to depend on other countries.

It is a M. Pion Gaud who has raised the question by his trials of new methods of cultivation in south-eastern France. The French are intelligent and industrious farmers, but much of their soil is exhausted, and manures are expensive.

M. Gaud was struck by the fact that long ago, when the implements used in farming were very inferior, good wheat crops were raised, and he asked himself why. It occurred to him that one explanation might be that the land, though not deeply ploughed, was ploughed over and over again. So, using a modern cultivator, he ploughed his corn land eight or ten times over.

Then he prepared the seed corn by soaking it, and letting it lie in heaps till it warmed and was ready to germinate. Then he mixed it with a small amount of chemical manure, and sowed it.

The result, he says, is that from less than half the seed corn generally used, with only one-tenth of the manure, he has reaped crops 25 per cent. heavier than ever before.

If this should be proved as a constant result of his experiments M. Pion Gaud will be given a statue some day among the benefactors of France.

HOW TO MAKE PROFITS LOOK SMALL

Profiteer and His Arithmetic

SELLERS WHO CANNOT RECKON 100 PER CENT.

A curious problem has been set by the proceedings at some of the Profiteering Committees. What is 100 per cent. profit?

If an article is bought for 100 shillings and sold for 200, what is the rate of profit? Any ordinary person would say 100 per cent., but this the tradesman denies. The profit, he says, is only 50 per cent.

The expression "a hundred per cent." means a hundred for a hundred, and it would seem to be beyond dispute that if a thing is bought for 100 shillings and sold for 200, the seller has made 100 shillings profit.

But the seller has other ideas about profits. He reasons like this: "I sell the article for 200 shillings, and of that sum only a half, or 50 per cent., is profit." It sounds very plausible, but according to that reasoning nobody could ever make 100 per cent. profit, even if he sold goods for thousands of times their original price.

It is very queer, and no doubt suits the profiteer, but common-sense people are not to be deceived by nonsense like that.

BARN WITH A HISTORY

An Old Place in Honourable Use

A correspondent, reading in the C.N. a reference to George Whitefield, is reminded of an honourable association which a place in Kent has with him.

As a result of his preaching on Blackheath, a church was formed in 1750 in a barn. In the barn John Wesley preached a funeral sermon for Whitefield. A chapel was built on the spot in 1801; and now it has been transferred to the Miller Hospital, to act as reception rooms.

The pulpit from the barn, which both Whitefield and Wesley used, is still preserved at Whitefields Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road, London.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by

Threepenny bits made of nickel instead of silver are in circulation.

A defendant in Highgate Police Court recently was called Oliver Cromwell.

Fireproof Mails

Mail-carrying aeroplanes in the United States are now fitted with asbestos containers to protect the letters from fire.

For the Nation

An Edinburgh firm has cancelled all interest on its War Stock for five years, so giving to the nation £25,000.

Ruined Bananas

It is reported that the long drought in Jamaica has ruined the banana industry in many parts of the island.

Working and Dying

A well-known Swiss artist, Max de Sury, aged 79, has just died while at his easel painting a portrait of his grandson.

Queensland's Parliament

Queensland has had a general election and the Labour Government remains in power with a reduced majority.

Pitiful Petrograd

It is said that over two hundred thousand people have fled from Petrograd to escape death from starvation.

Lost in the Mountains

An old lady of 82, missing from her home in Bargoed, in Wales, was found at midnight lost on a mountain.

Coal in Canada

Twenty million tons of coal have been found to exist within 200 miles of Regina, in the Canadian district of Assiniboia.

Fortune for the Streets

The City Corporation of London is to spend over £200,000 in paving and cleaning the streets during the next six months.

India's Wheat Supply

The wheat supply of India has increased by two and a half million tons this year, and 400,000 tons are to be exported.

An Election Tie

A general election in the province of New Brunswick, Canada, has resulted in a tie between the Government and the Opposition.

The Builder and His Truck

A builder has been fined 10s. in North London for allowing a truck to stand outside his premises. He said it had stood there 45 years.

Children and Clothing

It is much more common to find children with too much clothing than too little, says the Medical Officer for the Croydon schools.

Morocco Sends Us Eggs

A steamer has lately left Morocco for London with two and a half million eggs, and similar cargoes are expected to arrive every fortnight.

Nothing Like Leather

It is proposed to make leather from the hides of the sea lions which abound off the coast of British Columbia. The hides are almost an inch thick.

Kind Act Leads to Death

A hawker at Tamworth, seeing his pony attack a distressed cow in the field, went to remove the pony. He was, however, attacked by the cow and killed.

The Death-Watch Beetle

One of the grown-up papers has printed a queer story of the ticking of the little death-watch beetle having been followed by sad events. It may have been so, but that the ticking of the beetle had anything to do with it is nonsense. The ticking is merely the beetle's call to attract its mate.

THREE BROTHERS

Noble Band in Industry

GREAT BUSINESS BORN IN A SMALL ROOM

By a Birmingham Correspondent

Birmingham has been mourning the death of one of its noblest citizens, Mr. George Tangye, who died at the old home of James Watt.

He was a great captain of industry, the last of a band of brothers who followed in the steps of those famous men Boulton, Watt, and Murdock, and did much towards making Birmingham.

It is a romantic story that tells how the three brothers Tangye, who were born near Redruth, in Cornwall, came to Birmingham as clerks in an engineering works in 1852. Very soon the brothers resolved to seek their fortune by launching out on their own, and in a mean street of one of the poor quarters of the town they secured a ramshackle room facing a dreary courtyard.

Here they set up their workshop, hiring power at 4s. a week from a friendly Quaker near by. The power was conveyed by a single revolving shaft projecting into the workshop, and with its aid articles of domestic use were made.

Famous Factory Grows Up

The persistent enterprise and ceaseless hard work of the brothers were rewarded with great progress, and their small establishment was soon inadequate for the amount of work that came in. Larger premises were taken in a neighbouring street, and eventually a new factory was built, which was given the name of Cornwall Works, and has now become renowned to the ends of the earth for gas engines, hydraulic machinery, and other products.

The thoroughness, talent, and courage of these three Cornish lads made them worthy to carry on the great tradition of Boulton, Watt, and Murdock, and their example is an incentive for the youth of all time. James Tangye, in whom the mechanical bent was strongest, had many notable inventions to his credit, while Richard and George were clever organisers and astute business men.

Goodwill in Industry

With the passing of time the continuation of the business fell to the lot of George, who, up to the time of his death the other day, at 85, never allowed his interest in the firm to flag. He took up his residence at Heathfield Hall, an act which seemed to be the natural outcome of his reverence for the memory of Watt, and carefully preserved the garret in which Watt spent his last years. He displayed his public spirit by presenting to the Birmingham Art Gallery a collection of relics which will be of profound interest to mankind as long as industry remains, and the Art School was enriched by many valuable gifts from him.

George Tangye was a great-hearted man, to whom the welfare of his thousands of employees was a sacred trust. Their well-being was never absent from his mind, and many were the institutions he fostered for their good.

He was a Quaker, and religion was to him a vital thing; he showed it always in his sincerity, his simplicity, and his kindliness of heart.

Such men are the salt of the earth; may they long continue to live on.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Auxerre	Oh-**sair**
Bahia	Bah-**ee**-ah
Cellini	Chayl-**ee**-nee
Dordogne	Dor-**doan**
Hawaii	Hah-**wy**-ee
Kauffman	**Kowf**-mahn
La Madeleine	La Mad-**lane**
Zurich	**Zue**-rik

These pronunciations are given as near as is possible with English sounds.

© 2007 Look and Learn Magazine Ltd / www.lookandlearn.com. All rights reserved.

A WONDERFUL BUILDING

Temple Reminding Us of Taj Mahal

SOMETHING NEW IN ARCHITECTURE

The followers of the religious and social system known as Bahaism, which grew up in the East in the 19th century and has many followers in America, have decided to erect a great temple on the shores of Lake Michigan at a cost of over £300,000.

Already the design for the building has been completed and a model made, and it has been exhibited in New York, where thousands of people have visited it.

The building, as can be seen by the photograph of the upper part which we publish, is very remarkable in appearance, and some famous authorities on architecture, such as Professor Quaglino of Turin, and Mr. Magonigal, President of the Architectural League of New York, declare that it exhibits an entirely new style, the first really new idea in architecture since the 13th century. Professor Quaglino thinks it will revolutionise architecture.

The temple is certainly very beautiful, and embodies many interesting and novel features, though it is open to question whether its architecture can be described as a new style in the sense that Gothic was a new style after the Classic, or the Renaissance new after Gothic.

The dome is not a new feature, though here it is decorated in a novel way, and the doorways, colonnades, and general ornamentation are distinctly Saracenic in character. In fact, the whole impression reminds us of the Taj Mahal in India, and the Alhambra at Granada in Spain. It appears a mass of filigree work.

The fine idea of the Bahai followers is to have in connection with this temple a university, an orphanage, a house of hospitality, a guild house, a hospital, and other similar institutions.

Certainly, when the temple has been erected at Wilmette, Illinois, in the centre of nine acres by the side of the lake, it will form one of the most beautiful buildings in the New World. *Picture on back page*

TRAGEDY OF THE ALPS

Aeroplane Wrecked Nearly Two Miles High

Mountaineering is a pastime fraught with danger, and each year the Alps claim many victims, men disappearing as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. Not infrequently the bodies of the missing are brought to light in a perfect state of preservation many years later by the action of glaciers.

Not long ago an aeroplane from Italy was flying over the Alps at a great height when it suddenly disappeared, as reported in the C.N. at the time.

Enquiries were made, but no news of the missing aeroplane or its occupants could be had, and it was concluded that the machine had become a wreck on some lofty peak.

A month later two Alpinists were on their way down from the higher Alps when, on approaching the Toedi Mountain, they saw the wreckage of an aeroplane on the Gliems Glacier, which at that point is almost 10,000 feet above sea-level.

They photographed the machine, and returned later with twelve companions, when they were able to remove the débris and recover the bodies of the aviators, which had become frozen into the glacier.

It has since been established that the motor of the aeroplane had been tampered with before the start of the flight, for, besides this machine, two others, which had been bought by Finland for use against the Bolsheviks, met with a somewhat similar fate, both falling into Lake Zürich.

Ideas for the Flying Men

WHAT THE AIR CONFERENCE TALKED ABOUT

Will Aeroplanes Fly Through the Clouds by Wireless Without a Man on Board?

PLANS FOR DEVELOPING THE TRAFFIC OF THE SKIES

During the four and a half years of war enormous progress was made in aviation, progress which in the ordinary course of events would have taken, perhaps, a century. No invention has ever developed so fast as flying.

From being a frail craft imperilled by even short flights in the slightest breeze, the aeroplane became, under the necessities of war, capable of flying in the worst of storms and carrying heavy weights.

With the return to peace the first thought was to utilise the huge stocks of aircraft for civilian purposes, and many air routes were established for the transport of passengers, goods, and mails; but, of course, there was not sufficient new business to keep going the great producing concerns which had supplied aircraft during the war. The result was that several aircraft companies closed their works, while others went in for manufacturing other things, and the expert designing staffs that had been got together went into other industries.

Air Port On the Thames

For civilian purposes aviation has proved to be a very expensive business, because the lines on which progress was made during the war were found to be all wrong. Speed and power were striven for, regardless of cost. Of the many air lines now operating between London and the Continent, only two can be said to be paying their way, in spite of the large number of passengers carried each week.

So a conference of experts on aviation, transport, and business was called together and has been sitting in London discussing the future of aviation. Many novel suggestions were made by which to make aviation a commercial success.

To save the time at present lost in getting from the heart of London to the Croydon Aerodrome, one suggestion was made that the roof of Victoria Station should be made into an aerodrome for the use of continental machines. The expense of converting this is likely to be unnecessary, however, for negotiations are in progress for using the Thames as a landing-place. This idea is likely to be extended to many other towns which have large rivers flowing through them, for most machines of the future will be of the amphibian type, that can alight on, or take off from, either land or water.

Machines Made of Metal

One great disadvantage is the present-day engine. It is not only exceptionally heavy, but most extravagant in petrol. Two new engines are being experimented with which it is hoped will overcome both these difficulties. One is a steam turbine engine such as is used on big ocean liners, while the other is an adaptation of an engine that has been used with success for the steering-gear in submarine work.

Wood has long been the most important item in the construction of aeroplanes, but several successful all-metal machines have been produced, and one that is at present being designed contains several interesting features. Its wings will be of such a depth as to allow the engines to be placed within them, while it is hoped still further to reduce head-resistance by drawing up the under-carriage to within the main structure while the machine is in flight. The saving in power effected means reduced cost.

So far no successful helicopter—the machine that can rise or land perpendicularly—has been made, but this type of machine undoubtedly has a future, for its ability to manoeuvre in very small spaces will enable it to be used in the heart of big towns.

The development of wireless in connection with aircraft is full of possibilities, and conversations with machines in flight are now quite ordinary occurrences; but one suggested use of wireless is that it should be made to control manless aeroplanes. Instead of having a pilot these would be fitted with an apparatus that would respond to various wireless waves, and be made to manoeuvre at will, although being controlled from the ground.

One great step forward that has actually been made is the design of new wings which will enable double the weight at present carried to be taken with the same horse-power, and it is quite likely that, with other improvements in the near future, aeroplanes to carry 50 or 100 passengers will make the crossing of the Mediterranean, using Malta as a stopping-place.

A device for facilitating safe landings has been successfully tried. It consists of a long arm which stretches below the fuselage and is attached to the controls. When this arm touches the ground the controls are moved, and the machine automatically flattens out.

Network of Aerial Routes

These are a few of the improvements made and suggested to make aeroplanes generally useful; but airships are likely to have a big future, as the return flight to New York of R34 showed last year. Dirigibles have, generally speaking, a greater range than aeroplanes, many at present in existence being capable of non-stop flights of 2000 miles and more.

Two suggested services embrace India and Africa, and it is pointed out that the journey to India could be accomplished in five days as against sixteen now, and Cape Town would be brought within five days of London instead of 18 now. It is on journeys such as these that the airship will beat the aeroplane, for while the cost is likely to be half as much again as present first-class fares, this will be more than met by the enormous saving of time.

The towns that lie off these great trunk routes will be connected by aeroplanes, forming a network of air services throughout three continents.

Dirigibles are unwieldly things, and the huge ground crews necessary for taking them in and out of the sheds have hitherto been the great argument against them. Successful experiments have been carried out in mooring airships to the head of a huge mast, so dispensing with the necessity of the huge shed and the crews as well.

Boarding a Ship in Mid-Air

A great mast of this type is to be erected at Howden, in Yorkshire, which will have lifts, and petrol, gas, and water mains attached, so that passengers and cargo may be taken aboard and the vessel may be replenished with fuel while it is still moored at a height.

Another suggestion is that engines of the Diesel type, which burn heavy and crude oil, could be used in lighter-than-air craft, so cutting down expenses still further.

For the shorter journeys, however, aeroplanes are likely to hold their own, and in spite of high costs the existing services could be made to pay if all letters were carried by air on selected routes.

There was a lot of talking done at the Air Conference, which lasted for three days, and if only half the suggestions made are carried out the future of civil aviation will be a bright one; but if things are allowed to go on as at present all the progress made during, and since, the war will be lost, for business men will not invest their capital in concerns which give no return.

PEARY'S SIGN-POST

HOW AN EXPLORER FOUND IT

Fate of the Poor Dogs that Help Man on His Journey

HEROES OF BEHRING STRAIT

Captain Roald Amundsen's adventures are like a serial story, and a new chapter is to hand. We last heard that he was ice-locked in the Arctic; now we hear that he is at Behring Strait, and is possibly to cross water never yet explored.

The latest news is brought by a gallant fellow, Captain Godford Hansen, leader of a Danish relief expedition to Amundsen which has reached Copenhagen after an out-and-home journey lasting 16 months.

The Hansen party avoided death but narrowly. They crossed the narrow strip of water separating Greenland from Grant Land, and marched north-east until they reached Cape Columbia, whence Peary, in 1909, set out for the Pole. They found Peary's sign-post there, a three-armed erection bearing Peary's name and the cheery message, "400 miles to the North Pole." What happened there next we do not know, for the next step described by the Danes is their homeward journey from the sign-post to Black Cape, also in Grant Land.

The Poor Dogs

They had to cut a path for themselves with ice axes. Then they struck the trail by which they had advanced, and followed it south to Peabody Bay. On the way they were so pressed for food that 12 of their 16 dogs had to be killed and eaten. These poor dogs are prime movers for the sledges as long as strength enables them to pull, then food for the men when stores give out. It has been so ever since man and a dog travelled the Arctic together; and so it is today.

The dogs served to sustain life in the famishing Danes till the bay was reached, and there the sun was out and the seals were popping up through the ice, and the rest was plenty and ease. But it was touch and go for many a desperate league. It nearly always is.

When the Behring Strait was first discovered men ate belts and boots and straps; there was a man to steer the ship who could use his arms but not his frozen legs, and he was supported by two men who could stand, but whose arms were paralysed by frostbite.

Brave Man's Name

Men dropped dead of cold on Vitus Behring's decks; and ice and frozen spray, falling from the rigging, brained others. The ship that gained the triumph was lifted bodily over a reef and wrecked, and Behring perished miserably, breast high in the frigid sand of a dug-out on shore. But he had proved that America and Asia are not continuous land, and the strait that divides the two continents bears his brave name for evermore.

There is hardly a name on the map of those horrible latitudes that does not tell of tragedy, and the seas in which Amundsen is now battling are peopled with the bones of the valiant dead. But he bears a charmed life, and may be counted on to achieve some splendid new wonder before the end of this long pilgrimage. Meanwhile, welcome home to Godford Hansen and his stalwarts.

THE BRICKLAYER

A bricklayer now at work has averaged 1555 bricks a day. If all bricklayers were like him the world would be a better place to live in. About 350 bricks a day is now an average, and we know a builder in Kent who has taken 400 hours to lay about 2000 bricks.

© 2007 Look and Learn Magazine Ltd / www.lookandlearn.com. All rights reserved.

INDIA TURNS TO INDIGO

A LITTLE PLANT AND ITS GREAT ADVENTURE

Battle Between the Plantations and the Laboratory

WILL THE PLANTER BEAT THE CHEMIST?

It was recently reported that to prevent a heavy fall in the price of tea the planters of India and Ceylon were arranging to restrict their output, and that they were turning their attention to the cultivation of the indigo plant. Already indigo is grown largely in Assam.

Behind this apparently ordinary piece of news there lies a great romance, which is a striking example of the strange see-saw experiences that come to big industries.

For thousands of years this blue was produced in India from the indigo plant, and we find the cloths on the old Egyptian mummies dyed with it. From the East its use spread to Europe in the 17th century, and the area under cultivation increased year by year, until in 1897 over a million and a half acres of indigo plant were grown in India. The price realised for the dye varied from 5s. 6d. to 15s. a pound, and as nearly twenty million pounds were produced the value of the industry to India can be understood.

Building Up a Colour

The plants were cut just before flowering, tied in bundles, and steeped in vats till they fermented. The yellow liquid was then run off into tanks and agitated with hand-paddles or a kind of primitive water-wheel, so that it might absorb oxygen from the air and become a greenish-blue. Then it was allowed to settle, the indigo was boiled in water, and after the water had been drawn off the finished product was pressed into cakes and dried.

But the indigo thus prepared was of very uneven quality and colour, owing to the crude methods of manufacture, and a great German chemical firm determined to find some way of building up indigo from chemicals—to make synthetic indigo, as it is called—and to extinguish the Indian industry.

Experiment That Cost a Million

A German chemist, Baeyer, had already worked at the problem for fifteen years and succeeded in making indigo in his laboratory, but the cost was very high. What the chemical company set out to do was to manufacture indigo at a price cheaper than natural indigo.

After spending nearly a million pounds in experiments it succeeded in making a splendid dye from coal tar products, which was free from impurities, always the same, and far cheaper than the Indian indigo. The result was soon seen in the fact that the area under cultivation in India fell from the million and a half acres of 1897 to 214,500 acres in 1913.

Revival of an Industry

The planters could not compete with the artificial dye, and it looked as though the natural indigo industry would soon be extinct. But the Great War came and gave it a new lease of life. The world had allowed Germany to make all its dyes, and these were now cut off. Thereupon the Indian planters saw their opportunity and seized it. They improved their methods of cultivation and manufacture, and turned out a fine product which began to be used all over the world.

And now, though the war is over, the cost of coal and its by-products and the high wages of skilled European workers make the cost of artificial indigo higher than that of the natural dye. Even if the indigo were sold at the pre-war prices it would yield the planters a handsome profit; and that is why the Assam tea planters are going to grow indigo instead of tea on some of their vast acres. *See World Map*

THE B.B. BOY

100,000 OF THEM

Growing Up to Play the Game

WHAT THE BOYS' BRIGADE IS DOING FOR THE NATION

Within a stone's throw of the C.N. office a secretary sits in a little room directing a great work for the next generation of the nation's life. A greater work, indeed, is not being done today for England than the moulding of England's boyhood.

For it is the work of the Boys' Brigade, and the boy is today the most important member of the community. We cannot do without him. He is the hope of the future, the hope of the Empire, the hope of the race. The star of England will rise or fall as he lives up to, or departs from, the ideal we all cherish, the ideal of the English gentleman. Old Chaucer has limned him in lines that will live for ever in his picture of the

verray parfit, gentle knight,

thoughtful for others, thoughtless of self, courteous, considerate, chivalrous. Those who have sons, do they not hope that the boys will grow up into manhood clear-eyed, clean-limbed, clean-minded, truthful, honourable?

And those of us still boys, would we not rather die than grow up faithless, useless, hopeless men?

At 34, Paternoster Row, London, is the Head Office of the Boys' Brigade, the world-wide organisation that guides and shapes the lives of thousands of boys. It was founded in 1883 by Sir William Smith, and today it has over 100,000 members. In the United Kingdom there are 1350 companies, 6500 officers, and more than 60,000 boys; the others are scattered all over the world.

The B.B. Boy

The badge of the Boys' Brigade is an anchor, on which is written "Sure and Steadfast," and under the anchor are the words "Remember now thy Creator in the Days of thy Youth." The object is the advancement of Christ's kingdom among boys, and the promotion of habits of obedience, reverence, and self-respect.

How well old boys of the Brigade lived up to their motto we realise when we read that more than 800,000 B.B. boys fought in the Great War, and among them were 11 V.C.s. We have time here only to glance at the deeds of two of them—but what deeds they were!

Brave V.C. Boys

Piper Richardson, V.C., played his company over the top, and when it was held up by the German wire the boy strode up and down outside the wire, playing his pipes under heavy fire with the greatest coolness. His splendid gallantry inspired the company, which rallied and swept on. The boy was never seen again, but he lives in history.

Drummer Ritchie, V.C., when his battalion was almost wiped out and had lost all its officers, and when the men were wavering, leaped on to the parapet of the German trenches under a hail of bullets and rallied the men by repeatedly sounding the charge.

Of such boys as these were those fine lines of Newbolt's written:

The voice of the schoolboy rallies the ranks:
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The Boys' Brigade is teaching the boys to play the game. Drills, Bible classes, football and cricket clubs, signalling, swimming and ambulance, physical training and bands are all part of the work of making men of our boys, and the summer camps give them fine holidays. *Picture on page 12*

CAN THE FLYING MEN BRING RAIN?

Dust Thrown Into the Clouds

EXPERIMENTS IN SOUTH AFRICA

An attempt has lately been made in South Africa to bring rain by scattering dust in rain clouds from an aeroplane.

This is specially interesting news because, about ten years ago, a C.N. writer wrote to the Colonial Secretary and suggested that dust should be scattered from balloons. At the same time the writer suggested that the clouds might be cooled down and induced to condense by means of sprays of frozen carbolic acid.

When air containing a good deal of moisture is cooled down, the moisture in it tends to condense, as we see when we breathe against a cold window pane. But air may contain a great deal of moisture and be cooled down very considerably; and it will not condense unless there is some surface for it to condense on.

Now, dust is such a surface, and almost all raindrops condense on dust. A grain of dust may not seem to offer a very large surface, but millions and millions of grains of dust together provide quite a big condensing surface.

It would seem, therefore, quite a good idea to coax rain out of clouds by filling the clouds with dust, and probably condensation would be assisted by using very cold dust, or by cooling the cloud in some way, or by using dust of salt, which attracts moisture.

The experiments in South Africa so far have not been a success; but more experiments are to be made, and they are at least worth trying.

NO RENT FOR A FLY-HOUSE

Tenant and His Rights

CURIOUS CASE IN AMERICA

In the State of Maine, in the United States, a man who had rented a house declined to pay his rent because he found the house infested with flies, and when the case was taken to court the judge decided that the tenant had a right to refuse payment.

It may seem a little hard on the landlord that he should have been held responsible for an invasion of flies; he certainly neither sent them nor invited them, and we know too well the difficulty of keeping these filthy flies out of the cleanest house. But if such decisions as this help us to get rid of the fly pest all will be well.

Flies, of course, are not only an annoyance, but a danger, for they are apt to collect microbes on their legs, and then, when they settle on food, to leave in the food some of the microbes. It has been proved that typhoid, infantile diarrhoea, and other diseases can so be spread.

To avoid such dangers all articles of food should be protected as far as possible with gauze when there are flies about. There is no reason why flies should be allowed to wash their faces in our milk, or clean their feet in our soup, or sow microbes on our butter, or lay eggs in our beef-steak.

SAFETY FIRST

How to Stop Accidents

During 1919 there were 1384 fatal accidents in British factories, and 124,000 other accidents, of which 40,000 were due to machinery.

The number, it is urged, might be immensely reduced by studying "safety first."

The Lever firm at Port Sunlight proceeded on "safety first" lines, and so reduced their accidents by 50 per cent. in 1917, by 12 per cent. more in 1918, and by 5 per cent. more in 1919, so that the accidents now are only one-third the number that occurred four years ago.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

A QUIET MAN AND HIS DIARY

Great Man Whose Work Was Better Than His Word

KATE GREENAWAY AND HER HAPPY FAME

Oct. 31.	John Evelyn born at Wotton	1620
Nov. 1.	Sir Matthew Hale born at Alderley	1609
2.	Richard Hooker died at Bishopsbourne	1600
3.	Benvenuto Cellini born at Florence	1500
4.	James Montgomery born at Irvine	1771
5.	Angelica Kauffman died at Rome	1807
6.	Kate Greenaway died at Hampstead	1901

John Evelyn

Several English men and women have kept diaries that have afterwards made books of great interest.

The men who were best at jotting down events and thoughts in such a way that they remain useful and attractive to us long afterwards were Samuel Pepys, who wrote in the reign of Charles II., and John Evelyn, who kept a diary from 1641 to 1697, and knew Pepys well.

Evelyn was a country gentleman of Surrey, educated, travelled, fond of reading and gardening, and keen about scientific inquiries that were then being begun by the new Royal Society, now a treasure house of modern knowledge.

He was a moderate man who stood by and watched what was happening quietly and thoughtfully, without ever getting excited as he put down the things that interested him in his diary.

For 112 years it remained unprinted, and was only known to a few friends of the family that preserved it. Then it was seen by a librarian who understood its value; and now anyone can read it and live through more than half a century, seeing things as John Evelyn saw them 250 years ago.

Benvenuto Cellini

The father who chose the name Benvenuto, or "Welcome," for his little son, 420 years ago, was an Italian musician, and wanted the boy to be one too. But no; he would be an artist, though he was fond of music all his life.

From being a goldsmith and metal worker, Benvenuto Cellini became a designer and sculptor whose work was desired by popes and kings and cities in days when great art abounded, and was understood. Then, and ever since, men have wondered at this artist's cleverness, variety, and industry, and yet have hesitated to give him the place his genius deserved.

And there is a curious reason why. It is because he was a man of bad character—reckless, quarrelsome, violent, a braggart and self-glorifier, with hardly a trace of conscience. We know it because he wrote his own life. It is all there for you to believe as much or as little of it as you like. His word remains of no value; his work is fine; but, knowing the man, people admire it and turn away with a shake of the head.

Kate Greenaway

Kate Greenaway has the happy fame of being thought of only with joy. As the daughter of an artist engraver, she studied art, and then, when only in her early twenties, struck out a line for herself, which was the drawing of children to make them look delightful.

Old people can remember when boys or girls in print looked as stiff as wax figures in a tailor's window, and as unnatural. Kate Greenaway started drawing them alive, moving, sweet, quaint, lovable, and dressed in the most entrancing ways.

She did it on Christmas cards at first; then in books, illustrating nursery rhymes, and in little stories in verse, for which she often made the verses as well as the drawings.

She could paint as well as she could draw. A dear, quiet, modest lady, she introduced children afresh by her pencil and brush to the heart of the world.

© 2007 Look and Learn Magazine Ltd / www.lookandlearn.com. All rights reserved.

PICTURE-NEWS MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWING FISHING AND OTHER EVENTS

THE SILENT COAL MINES

War Within Our Gates

A MILLION MEN PRODUCING NOTHING AT ALL

Once more, as this copy of the Children's Newspaper goes to press, our country is in the shadow of war—not war against a foreign foe, but war within the borders of our own kingdom, involving the stoppage of all the nation's coal mines and the idleness of a million miners, with the peril of the further stoppage of all its trains and factories.

Should this disaster be prolonged and last until these words appear, its consequences may spread far and wide and bring much suffering; and all good people must deplore the miserable failure of the efforts the Government and the miners made to settle the trouble.

The C.N., however, firm in its faith in the sense of justice of all great bodies of our British people, refuses to believe that so great a disaster can come upon us. The suffering, even the starvation, that a long strike must bring to multitudes of people can hardly be exaggerated, and in particular we think of the unhappy fate of over a hundred thousand men from the war still unemployed, with nothing but despair before them if this strike should stop our industries.

It must be said that the trouble is rather concerning methods than principles, and many people feel that a dozen wise schoolboys, understanding the facts, could have put them all far more plainly for the miners and the public than the Government and the miners' leaders have been able to do. Neither the miners nor the Government can be said to have wanted the strike, yet through much blundering and confusion things have drifted to this unhappy pass. The C.N. hopes, however—and believes—that before these words appear our mines will be at work again.

TELEPHONE BELLS IN THE CHANNEL

Helping the Ship in a Fog

SCIENCE AGAIN TO THE RESCUE

An idea similar to the invisible pilot by means of which ships are enabled to enter New York Harbour safely in dense fogs, as mentioned not long ago in the C.N., has been tested and found successful at the French port of Brest.

An electric current passes along a submerged cable and causes a note to be reproduced by telephone on all ships fitted with the special detector if they come within a radius of two miles. By the varying intensity of the notes the navigators are able to tell just how far from the cable they are, and so are able to steer a course with safety in the densest fog.

So successful has this apparatus been that the French Minister of Marine has decided to have these cables installed at all French ports, while it is also proposed to submerge a cable across the Channel, so that the cross-Channel services of both boats and aeroplanes will not be held up owing to fog. This method is equally adaptable to aircraft.

RACE FOR LIFE

Thirty Men in a Flooded Pit

Water burst into the workings of a colliery near Llanelly, in Wales, not long ago, and thirty men down below had to rush for their lives.

Fortunately, one of the men was able to get all the horses except one to a place of safety; this one terrified animal bolted back and was drowned in the dark waters.

The water covered up the powerful pumps and rendered them useless, and it will be a considerable time before the pit can be worked again. It employs about three hundred men.

A LONG WALK IN THE ARCTIC

Dramatic Meeting of Travellers

There has lately been a dramatic meeting in the Far North.

Carl Eyre, who was once a constable in the North-West Mounted Police, but has lately been on a voyage in the Arctic regions as an engineer, has reached Timmens, in Ontario. It was the end of a thousand-mile journey from Cape Fullerton, on the west of Hudson Bay, and the journey had taken 15 weeks.

He travelled by whale-boat and dog-sleigh, and arrived at Fort Churchill in mid August, there to find a poor, wrecked voyager and his wife, Sergeant Thompson and Mrs. Thompson, who had been wrecked nearly a hundred miles south of that point, and had reached Fort Churchill on foot, living on berries.

OBITUARY NOTICE

The Sydney Tortoise

The children of Sydney, New South Wales, have suffered a sad loss. One of their prime favourites was a venerable tortoise, the oldest inhabitant of the Botanic Gardens, and now he is dead.

Quite how old he was no one knew, but he had been at home in the gardens for over half a century, and had been watched with friendly eyes by three generations of Australian children.

HIGH PRICES STOP PAPERS

A Long Record Broken

The enormous price of paper has just broken a long link in French journalism, a daily paper established nearly eighty years ago having been compelled to stop publication at Auxerre.

The same thing has been happening in Sweden, where a very old Stockholm paper has stopped publication, and during the last week or two four other newspapers have ceased to exist.

POOR OLD MAN

Mystery of a Life Just Ended

FROM RICHES TO A GARRET

We can never know the tragedy that lies behind a paragraph in the papers.

An old man has just died alone in his room at a poor house in East London. He was believed to be a commercial traveller, and for two years he had lived on the top floor of a house in Hoxton.

Every day, precisely at half-past three in the afternoon, he would leave the house and not return till the small hours of the morning, but he paid his rent regularly and was no trouble to anybody, and the mystery of his movements created no concern.

The only correspondence he seemed to have was a postcard which arrived regularly once a quarter bearing the words, "Meet me at 8.30 same place," and was signed with initials.

So this old man lived from month to month and year to year, but one day not long ago he did not leave his room. His door was locked, and he was found lying on the floor dead. All about the room was strewn with papers, and among his books were records of his past life, showing that he had once had large dealings with City merchants and West End firms and manufacturers of chemical supplies.

One item showed a business transaction of nearly three-quarters of a million pounds; and bank books showed entries of great sums of money up to 1893. Since then there was no record but evidence showed that the old man was well connected and spoke several languages.

That is all we know of the life of a strange old man who had once been rich, and has now died lonely and poor in an East End garret.

© 2007 Look and Learn Magazine Ltd / www.lookandlearn.com. All rights reserved.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
OCTOBER 30 ❀ ❀ 1920

A Terrible Discovery

Two years after the war to end war the nations are spending one-fifth of their national incomes on war.

IN ancient Crete, when it was mentioned that another hundred girls had been sacrificed to the horrible Minotaur, nobody bothered. They were used to it.

In ancient Rome, when people heard that Christians had been torn to pieces by lions in the Coliseum, they were not greatly shocked. They were used to it.

In Seville, during the Spanish Inquisition, nobody was greatly upset by the tale of living people burned because they did not believe what certain other people believed. They were used to it.

In the England of Shakespeare's day, when innocent women were burned to death as witches, nobody very much cared. They were used to it.

We find it hard to believe that people could be so callous, but those who come after us will be puzzled to know how it was that no outbreak of horror was caused when, two years after the end of the war to end war, it was stated that one-fifth of our taxes was being spent on preparations for still further slaughter.

We cannot get houses built for the men who won the war. We are told we cannot afford to pay as much as we did for education. We contribute next to nothing as a nation to save the children in many parts of the continent who are starving for want of bread. Yet one-fifth of all we spend goes to keep up the barbarism of war, and when this is made known nobody is horrified, nobody protests. *We are used to it.*

We are so used to it that many people consider it to be impossible ever to change this monstrous barbarity. They say human nature makes nations fight from time to time, and you cannot change human nature. That is the wickedest nonsense ever heard.

Just the same arguments were heard in Rome, in Crete, in Seville. "It is right," people said, "to massacre young girls for the Minotaur because it has always been done; it is human nature to like seeing Christians torn to pieces by lions; it is necessary that heretics should be burned alive if they will not believe what they are told to believe." That was why protests were not made in those times; that is why protests are not made now.

Yet it shall not be said that no one protested. In the name of the children of the world we protest, and we call upon everyone to reflect what this piling up of misery and murder for the children of the future means. We call on all who have power to use it so that this shame may be lifted and this folly overthrown in the name of those who have died and of those who have yet to live.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

❀ ❀ Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

Shutting in John Smith

WHO is locking up John Smith? He was one of the founders of the British Empire; he was one of the greatest heroes a boy ever had; and he lies a few yards from the Editor's window in a bit of the most sacred soil of our little Treasure Island.

But whenever we want to go to pay homage to John Smith we find him locked in. We have been in the morning, and all the gates were locked; we have been in the afternoon, and tried three gates and doors in vain.

Now a friend of the C.N. who has read of John, and has read that the Church of St. Sepulchre in which he lies is wanting funds, has been to St. Sepulchre's to see John's tomb and drop something in the box in memory of him, but still the doors are locked.

We have often wondered why people do not go to church; evidently they do not go to some churches because they cannot get in. We shall have to bury our heroes in places where we can go to pay them homage, and not in churches that seem afraid of human beings; but in the meantime there is comfort in the thought that, though the door of the Church is locked, the gate of Heaven is always open.

❀

Houses to Let

DOES anybody know how desperate the housing crisis is?

Our Country Correspondent wrote a merry account of a row of neat little houses to let. They were in a splendid situation near a station, at ridiculously low rents and with no rates, and were all vacant and ready for new tenants. Does it not sound attractive and can it be wondered at that we have had letters asking for "orders to view"?

It may seem natural enough, perhaps; but is it not tragic that all these good people should leap with excitement half way through this little article, and hurry to the post with their appeals before they had read the last paragraph, which explained that the houses are *the vacant homes of little house martins* under the eaves of the roof which shelters our Country Correspondent from the winter storms?

We are sorry the houses are not big enough for human habitation, but we hope that each of our readers will find a happy little house, with the wind blowing free all round it, the sun pouring in through the windows, and a hearth aglow with warmth and love for many years to come.

❀

Coals to Newcastle

NOW the world is really getting on! China has sent coal to Newcastle—a hundred thousand tons of it—and it is cheaper than British coal. Now we shall have to alter the mottoes in our copybooks, but we shall not mind, perhaps, if China, in sending coal to Newcastle, will send a little wisdom to our Transport Department.

The Sinfulness of Waste

WE were sorry, and we believe most people were sorry, to see the Prime Minister defending the Government against the charge of extravagance on the plea that it was merely a trifle on the income tax.

It is no defence of a thief who steals a man's watch to say that the man could afford to lose it, and we hope to see the day when public men will be too great to use such arguments.

❀

Tip-Cat

LITTLE WILLIE is making horseshoes. Curious work for a donkey!

HARDING & COX are spending millions to secure a White House at Washington. We had no idea the housing crisis was so bad there.

CALIFORNIA'S earthquakes chiefly come in dry years. That is as good an argument against prohibition as any we have heard.

PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW

If the old boys of the British Museum play with the Elgin marbles

IT is said that when the coal conference broke down each delegate had a lump in his throat.

"BECAUSE the great novelists of the past had courage," says somebody, "they won their crown." Modern novelists have had the courage to put up their prices.

A BLACK winter is predicted. Coal-black, we hope.

MR. SELFRIDGE notes that "in America grandfathers don't count." Some can't even spell.

NEWSPAPER POSTER: "Winston Churchill on Air." He is always exciting, but we wish he would get on a more solid foundation.

❀

The Honest Man

WHO can read quite unmoved that note from the Secretary of the War Office acknowledging the receipt of 16s. as conscience money from an ex-soldier who "left the army with a pair of part-worn boots he was not entitled to"?

Poor, honest man! He had risked his life for England, but he would not take from this hard-pressed country the half-worn boots he fought in. Men have had knighthoods and peerages for smaller things than that.

❀

Time is

Too Slow for those who Wait,
Too Swift for those who Fear,
Too Long for those who Grieve,
Too Short for those who Rejoice;
But for those who Love
Time is not.

HENRY VAN DYKE

Back to the Old Camp

By an N.C.O. in the Waacs

My old camp was advertised for sale by the Disposals Board, and I was sentimental enough to go to see it before it was broken up.

The place was in the London district, on a hill above the most squalid, sordid, ill-kept streets I have ever seen; there seemed to be a public house and a knot of loafers at every corner, and the whole place smelt of fish-barrows.

On the sides of the hill, however, there were woods. In the day-time they were haunted—not by Puck and the elves or squirrels, or any of the proper things to find in woods, but by ice-cream carts, banana barrows, and people who wore high heels and feathery hats, and left a trail of newspapers, bottles, and orange-peel behind.

The Nightingales

All day the leaves rustled to the roaring of guns, and at night the air often rumbled with the passing of German raiders.

And yet never outside a poem of Keats have I heard nightingales sing as I heard them there.

One evening, as I was returning from an errand up the deserted road, two were singing to one another so rapturously that I stood spellbound, listening. All at once I saw that a little boy was standing too. "Isn't it beautiful?" I whispered to him. And he replied:

"It's a fair treat, but I shall catch it when they find I'm not in bed!"

"So shall I," I owned ruefully, for there was a patrol at the gate, and I was late.

"You wouldn't think there was a war on to listen to him," observed the boy.

I met him later in his mother's newspaper shop, and we became friends.

Not Demobbed

When I returned the other day, after a year, I found the huts we had kept so tidy, so speckless, so noisy and gay, now dark, broken-paned, deserted. The little gardens had been uprooted. No flag flapped from the flagstaff.

I went to see my small boy friend.

"Everything is changed," I said.

"One thing ain't," he returned. "The nightingales aren't demobbed."

What a small voice that bubbling music had seemed in the midst of Armageddon! And yet it had endured beyond the roaring of the guns, for it was the voice of beauty—the beauty of green woods, yellow meadows, and brown streams, of apple-trees in spring, and hay-fields in summer, and beeches in September.

Surely it was not only the voice of romance and adventure and poetry, but the voice of truth, saying how sweet life truly is when politicians and Junkers leave it alone. All the fleets and armies of the world had tried to roar it down, and now they were disbanded, while

Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

© 2007 Look and Learn Magazine Ltd / www.lookandlearn.com. All rights reserved.

THE MOON

Is It Dead or Dying?

Professor Pickering, the astronomer of Harvard University, who thought that vegetable life may still exist down in the craters of the Moon, may be right, and the Moon may be a world on the very brink of death, but not yet dead.

Yet as we look on this silent world and see with our own eyes the mighty record of its past, we feel a sense of boundless gloom. We see, spread out before us, in the full light of the sun, a landscape as wide as the Russian Empire, with not one visible thing alive. Not a flower seems to bloom, not a tree to grow, not an insect creeps. The silence of a thousand ages is unbroken in this solitude that no man knows.

Yet it was not always still, this shining world. Forces incalculable have made her what she is—beautiful to look upon as she rides in majesty with the Earth around the Sun, but with a face all scarred and worn with time, and the mark of some great agony written over it. Millions of years ago, when the Earth was cooling down from its molten state and a crust about thirty miles thick was formed, there was probably a day when 5000 million cubic miles of matter broke away, and that matter, wise men think, became the Moon. Since then the Moon has had an amazing history.

Four sorts of worlds we know:

We know the great nebula of Andromeda, a mighty mass of gas that moves about the universe as the Earth once moved about.

We know the planet Jupiter, once like the nebula of Andromeda, but now condensed into a liquid mass like a world of boiling metal, as the Earth once was.

We know the Earth itself, with its core still hot, but its surface fitted for life and enveloped in an atmosphere that makes life possible.

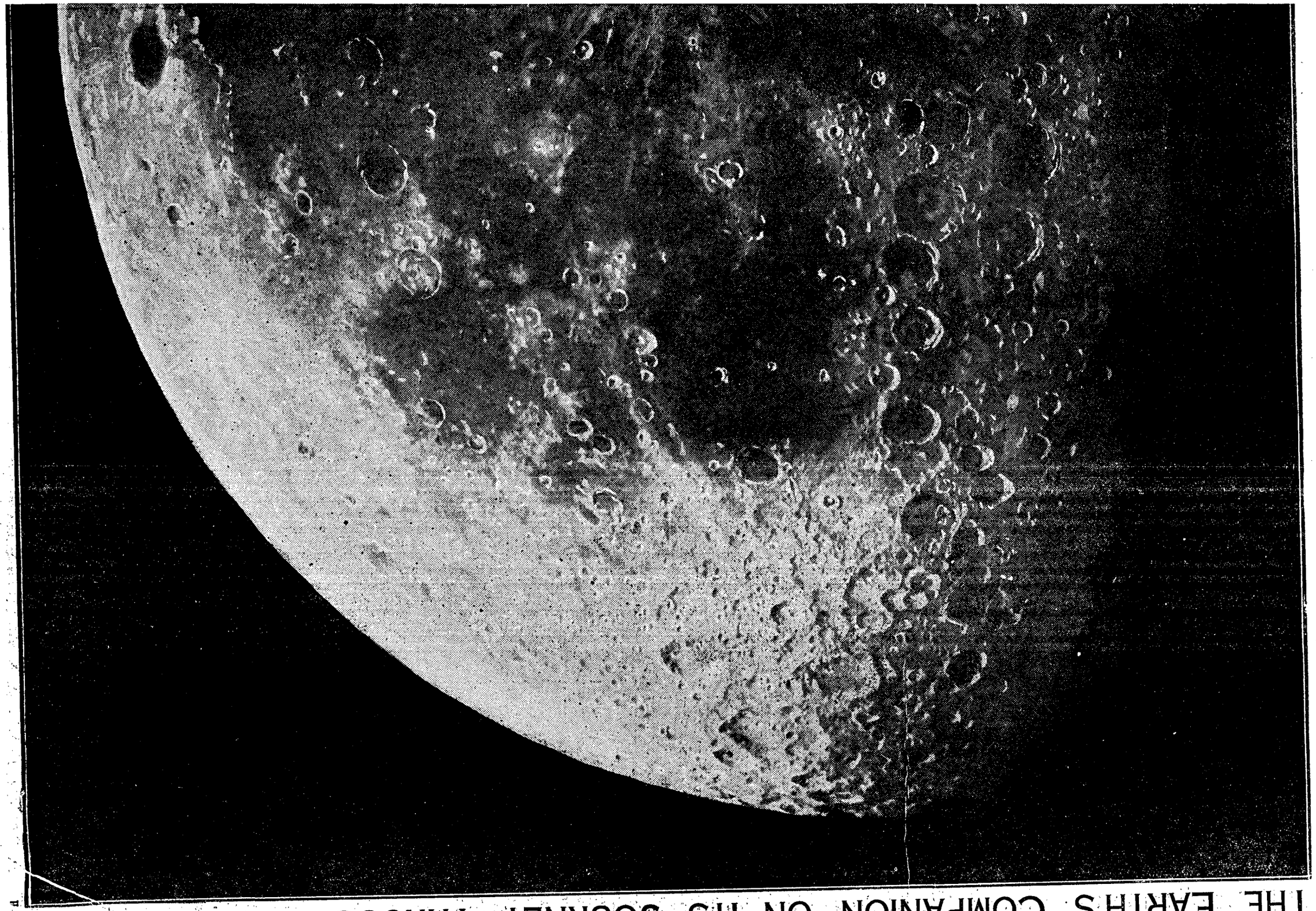
And we know the Moon, an extinct and barren world, a world of death, as the Earth will one day be.

Through these four stages every world must pass: the Earth is in the third, and the Moon is in the fourth. Except possibly from down in the craters all life and water have passed from the Moon. Whatever air may still be left must be too thin to carry sound, so that all sound will have gone, too, and no speech is possible.

Perhaps we may hope Professor Pickering was right; we should like to feel that Earth's only child is not yet dead. But even if dead it keeps life sweet on Earth, for, as the sun keeps sweet the air we breathe by keeping up the constant circulation of the winds, so the Moon keeps sweet the waters of the Earth by setting up tides that save us all from pestilence. The greatest agent of sanitation on the Earth is the Moon's influence.

So let us look up at the Moon and be glad that she is there, riding solemnly with us through the heavens, obeying the laws laid down for roses and nightingales, deserts and oceans, worlds and men, by Him Who will not let a sparrow fall without His notice.

© 2007 Look and Learn Magazine Ltd / www.lookandlearn.com. All rights reserved.



THE EARTH'S COMPANION ON ITS JOURNEY THROUGH THE HEAVENS

© 2007 Look and Learn Magazine Ltd / www.lookandlearn.com. All rights reserved.

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON WITH ITS MOUNTAINS AND CRATERS AS SEEN THROUGH THE GREAT TELESCOPE AT PARIS OBSERVATORY

The Earth had an only child, and it died. That is what one of the best C.N. writers, Professor J. A. Thomson of Aberdeen, once eloquently said of the Moon. But knowledge grows from more to more, and, though for centuries men have believed that the Moon is dead, we are not quite sure of it now. Down in its craters, sometimes two miles deep, men looking through great telescopes have seemed to see changes taking place, and it is thought that this may mean that vegetable life is not yet utterly extinguished on the Moon. It is thought that the changing light and shade down in the craters may be the growth of vegetation. The greatest student of the Moon who ever lived believed it to be so, and, though we are not yet sure, does not the mere thought that Earth's only child is not yet dead stir strange feelings within us?

© 2007 Look and Learn Magazine Ltd / www.lookandlearn.com. All rights reserved.

THE FACE OF THE MOON

And Some Remarkable Facts About It

Men know their way about the Moon as well as about the Earth. The mountains of the Moon are more accurately measured than many mountains of the Earth. Through our telescopes we run in fancy up its steep crater walls, and through the valleys and over the hills, and nothing in the geography of our Earth is more thrilling than the steep walls of these old craters seen across 250,000 miles of space.

The walls rise sheer like walls of houses, but fall away outside, and sometimes for a hundred miles we trace the vast extent of those tremendous forces which flung up burning lava and molten streams from the furnaces of the Moon.

The Earth can hardly have known explosions to equal these. Some of them made craters with cracks across that are quite a mile wide, and one huge crater, fifty miles across, is filled to the brim with lava, as if the lava had oozed out after the walls had been formed, and filled the great round pit with a mass of solid rock. Such outflowings of lava through stupendous cracks are found all round the Moon; one crack is 1700 miles long and 25 miles wide; and they creep over mountains and plains, over craters and through valleys.

Perhaps it may be useful here to give a few chief facts about our Moon.

Across its face is 2163 miles.

Its whole surface is 14,657,000 square miles.

Its solid contents are 5,276,000,000 cubic miles.

Its weight is 73,000,000 tons.

Earth is as big as 49 Moons and as heavy as 80 Moons.

The Moon at its farthest from the Earth is 252,972 miles; at its nearest it is 221,614 miles.

A tiny toy is the Moon compared with the Sun. The Sun in size equals 63,700,000 Moons, and it would need 547,513 full Moons to equal the light of the Sun.

Gravity on the Moon has only one-sixth of its power on Earth; everything there is six times lighter than here.

A six-pound brick would weigh one pound on the Moon; a man who could jump six feet here could jump 36 feet there; a gun firing ten miles here would fire 60 miles there.

The Moon travels round the Earth in 27 days 7 hours 43 minutes 11½ seconds.

The Moon shows us the same face always; no man has seen the other side.

Over 30,000 craters have been counted, and the largest is 142 miles across—twenty times wider than the biggest on Earth.

The great plain of the Moon covers about two million square miles.

The speed of the Moon is 3300 feet, or about two-thirds of a mile, in a second.

A bridge of 30 Earths would join us to the Moon. Many men in their lives have walked as far as from the Earth to the Moon.

A day and a night on the Moon are equal to a month on Earth, so that for 14 of our days a man on the Moon would live in light and heat unknown to us, and for 14 days more in blackness and cold such as Earth never knows.

Such is our companion world on our journey through the heavens, a wonder to see and a friend of Earth indeed, whether life is still existing there or whether it has gone from it for ever.

© 2007 Look and Learn Magazine Ltd / www.lookandlearn.com. All rights reserved.

BRUIN TAKES A STROLL

A WALK IN CHATHAM

Jungle Adventures in the Streets of Our Towns

LIVE LIONESS IN A BUTCHER'S CART

By Our Natural Historian

Bears are popular with sailors and soldiers—until they grow big and break out. Then it is a case of bullet or Zoo for Bruin. A certain American battleship's bear is a Russian, and when the ship put into Chatham the other day, he somehow managed to escape and make his way into the town.

Followed by a wondering crowd, he marched up to the town hall, and refused to return to his home quarters until an American sailor heard what was happening, and tempted Bruin back with a tin of sweet milk. He was caught and sent to the Zoo, where, there being no other suitable place, he was put into the Small Cat House.

But at once he clawed his keeper, and on being removed for safe custody to the Lion House tried to hug another keeper.

Grizzly Bear Loose

Sweetened milk will not always answer with freed bears. The Life Guards kept a grizzly for two years; but when he began to get out of hand they dispatched him to the Dublin Zoo. He broke out of his cage while crossing London, ran from Pentonville to King's Cross, bit five people on the way, and finally had to be mastered with nets and implements like one of the old gladiators in the Coliseum of ancient Rome. What he would have done had there been time we do not know, but we can guess the intention of a hungry bear which pursued a man at Colwick Park, Nottingham: *it meant to eat him.* The man preferred an alternative: he fled into a boat and rowed out into deep water.

Elephant Lost in London

The King's Royal Rifles know something of matters like these. A pet Indian bear of theirs escaped on Christmas night from Shorncliffe Camp, and the soldiers had a 40 hours' hunt after the truant. A boy found him, but when his masters came up to lead him home the rebel knocked half a dozen of them over like ninepins. How thankful the people of Folkestone and Hythe were to know that the grim imp from the Himalayas was at last hauled back home and ordered C.B—that is, confinement to barracks.

One would think that elephants would be hard to lose in public, but a young one bolted in the Crystal Palace grounds, and was completely lost for nine hours. Then it was found, tired out, asleep. It had chosen for a companion the model of one of the extinct monsters down by the Palace lake, and had snuggled up to it—a pardonable error in one so young.

Bullock in a Theatre

That was altogether unexpected, but not more so than an event which once stopped a performance at the Colchester Hippodrome, when an attendant rushed up to the manager reporting "There is a bullock in the gallery!" Equally astonishing was the feat of another bullock which mounted almost endless stairs, and appeared on the skyline surveying London from the roof of a block of tenement buildings.

But lions are the things to make matters exciting. A lioness bolted from a menagerie at Rheims, sending her

Continued in the next column

Continued from the previous column

keeper spinning out of the cage as she leapt over his shoulder and through the open door. She knocked down an old lady in an unexpected collision on her way to the market-place, and then came bump up against a boy, and knocked him down also. French boys either do not know much of zoology, or else they are unusually cool and brave, for this boy merely said, "Beast of a dog!" and threw a stone at it.

It was a nice situation for a discriminating lioness. On the one hand was this plump French boy; there on the other was a butcher's cart filled with meat. Boy or butcher—which should it be? With one spring the lioness was in the cart, and with another the butcher was out of it. The lioness stayed for a while. When she descended no meat remained in the cart.

Then came a threat of vengeance. Bird-scarers with their guns, honest citizens with their revolvers, and at their head a valiant artilleryman with a drawn sword, advanced in force. The lioness, well fed, was on the best of terms with France and all the world, though she was startled and annoyed when the bird-scarers and the angry burghers of Rheims fired at her. They missed, and when her keeper presently came puffing on the scene the lioness bounded up to him with a great cat-like purr of apology for her misbehaviour, rubbed against his legs, and trotted anxiously home.

There are worst accidents in America. Not long ago a paper in Hometown, Illinois, published this fiery protest.

A cow got into the fire-engine house on Sunday night and chewed up most of the fire-hose and ate off the bell-rope, while three hogs were found in the Baptist church on Monday afternoon. If Hometown is ever to become a great city these things must be rendered impossible.

Let those disagree who dare!

THE C.N. VIEW OF THE WORLD

C.N. readers who are wondering what the Editor's new book is like will be glad to read this appreciation from a county newspaper.

Into this handsome volume, with over 60 illustrations, Mr. Arthur Mee gathers his writings about England, past, present, and the England to come.

Mr. Mee has the youthful quality of perpetually seeing life as a romance. That is why he has arrested the attention of the children of the world; for it is no exaggeration to say that his way of looking at the world has appealed to children and to myriads who keep fresh the feelings of childhood, wherever the English language is spoken.

To him England is the apex of man's achievement since history began. How has that come to pass, and how can it be seen? To answer he sets himself the task of telling in lyrical prose the story of the island.

Some of the chapters have men as their heroes. Some of them picture beautiful places, gracious with age or resplendent with loveliness. All of them reflect the glory of a country worshipful for its history, its outward fairness, and its inward spirit. Then he comes to the war, when all that England means to the world was at stake, and he takes us again through the changeful feelings of that unforgettable time, but always in a tone of faith and confidence.

The appeal of the book is many-sided. It is a thing of beauty, and it stimulates alike the mind and the spirit, coming from the heart of a writer who is always tingling with intense and almost passionate life.

"Little Treasure Island" is issued at 10s. 6d. by Hodder and Stoughton, and *cannot be sent from the C.N. office.*

A BATTLESHIP UPSIDE DOWN

The giant Italian Dreadnought, called Leonardo da Vinci, which was sunk by an explosion in Taranto Harbour in 1916, has just been raised keel upwards by means of compressed air, and is being repaired in this position

MAN WHO WARNED A KING

STAMBOLINSKY OF BULGARIA

Peasant Journalist Who May Save the People

SEEKING HELP IN LONDON

Will M. Stambolinsky do for Bulgaria what Mazzini did for Italy?

Stambolinsky has been among us, as Prime Minister of Bulgaria, seeking the good offices of Great Britain to enable his country to regain her feet after the overwhelming losses which followed her entry into the war against the Allies. Her Prime Minister's credentials are good: he risked his life to keep Bulgaria from joining forces with the Kaiser.

When he knew that Ferdinand, the cunning man who had got himself crowned as Tsar of Bulgaria, proposed to throw his country into the war, Stambolinsky, the peasent leader, went boldly to him and made a fiery protest.

Plain Words to a King

His protests and pleas were useless, and as he left the palace he said to his sovereign: "Well, if you do enter the war it will cost you your crown." "Your language will cost you your head," answered Ferdinand; but the peasant was right, and the king wrong.

Stambolinsky is peasant-born of peasant stock. Like other fine sons of the soil he succeeded in educating himself, first in the elementary and secondary schools of Bulgaria, afterwards in Germany. But he remained a peasant at heart, a cultured peasant who loved his native land and longed to see her progress along the path of peace and justice. He became a journalist, and set forth in print his views for the welfare of Bulgaria, which he afterwards boldly expressed in her parliament. As leader of the present party he attained considerable power, and constantly opposed the wicked policy of Ferdinand.

The Condemned Cell

After his famous interview with the king, Stambolinsky planned a peasant rising to prevent Bulgaria from making war upon the Allies, but the plan was discovered, and Ferdinand summoned a court-martial, which passed sentence of death upon Stambolinsky, who was hurried to a condemned cell. But Ferdinand feared the people. He feared a rising of the peasants in the army if he put this patriot to death, and so, for the time being, Stambolinsky was kept in his cell, while Bulgaria went to war, the last of our enemies to enter, the first to be beaten.

Then the beaten Ferdinand, his power for ill removed, caused the present leader to be released. Did he recall Stambolinsky's prophecy, "It will cost you your crown"? The prediction had come true with a vengeance, and Ferdinand was about to flee. "I forgive you, M. Stambolinsky," he said. "But will the Bulgarian people ever forgive you?" answered the peasant to whom power was about to pass.

Victim of Her Rulers

Bulgaria is a most striking example of the way in which a people, contrary to its most ardent wishes, can be thrust by secret diplomacy into hostilities. She has suffered bitterly for the misdoing into which she was led. Those who forced her into war have fled, leaving her to face debt, loss of territory, and boundless misery and suffering. If the Balkans are to recover she must be helped to rise with them; we cannot have a vacuum where a nation should be.

It is in order that Bulgaria may have mercy and money for her struggle back to the ways of peace and prosperity that this peasant-statesman from the condemned cell comes here to plead her cause.

Portrait on page 12

© 2007 Look and Learn Magazine Ltd / www.lookandlearn.com. All rights reserved.

THE RARE FIDDLER

A STRADIVARIUS FOR SALE

The Five Hundred Fiddles Worth a Little Fortune Each

WHAT IS THEIR SECRET?

If a tradesman adds too much to the original price of an article he is dealt with by the magistrate, but what is to be said of an article which, costing originally £4, is sold for £6000?

This is expected to be paid for a violin, and it is not a new one, for it was made 200 years ago.

The whole musical world has been excited by the news that a Stradivarius violin is to be offered for sale shortly, and it is expected to realise £6000, the sum paid some time ago for a Strad by the famous fiddler Kubelik.

There are only 510 Stradivarius violins in the world, and on the very rare occasions when one comes into the market would-be purchasers flock from all parts of the world to bid for it.

These fiddles are the most wonderful in existence; they cannot be copied or imitated. They were made at Cremona, in Italy, where Antonius Stradivarius lived and worked in the 17th and 18th centuries.

Boy Who Beat His Master

Born when Charles Stuart was misgoverning England, he was apprenticed to a musical instrument maker, and his earliest fiddles were signed with his master's name. But he soon outstripped his master in skill, and after he had married he began to work on his own account.

Good violins had been made before his time, but he brought the art to perfection. It is impossible to imagine any instrument that would give more beautiful tones than a Strad, and the violins of this simple workman have been the wonder of the world for two centuries and more. Musicians regard them as a miracle that cannot be explained, and there is no doubt Stradivarius was, in his way, as great a genius as Michael Angelo in his.

The Wonderful Varnish

He changed the customary shape of the instrument, making it longer than had been the practice, and set a model which has been followed ever since.

Despite his genius Stradivarius was a quiet, modest, hard-working artisan who never set a high value on his craftsmanship. He sold his instruments at about £4 each, yet they fetch thousands of pounds now, and all the known Strad fiddles have been catalogued and are guarded like Crown jewels.

The chief asset of Stradivarius was the composition of a reddish-brown varnish with which he coated his instruments, and this is said to be largely responsible for the magnificent tone. Many attempts have been made to discover the secret of this varnish, but they have all failed.

Fiddles That Grow Tired

The fiddle is probably the most sensitive and delicate of all musical instruments. A Strad in the hands of a master like Kubelik speaks as though it were human. It can draw forth laughter or tears from ten thousand people, and, like its player, it becomes sick at times and needs rest to recover.

Some obscure change seems to take place in the material of the body, possibly through the vibrations of the music produced; and careless playing will ruin a choice instrument.

Stradivarius, whose name is spelt by his countrymen Antonio Stradivari, was twice married and had eleven children. He lived 93 years, worked for 70, and made his last fiddle when he was 92. Yet he died poor and practically unappreciated. One of the splendid things he said, which is often quoted, is that God could not make the fiddle of Stradivarius without Stradivarius.

CONQUERING AN ANCIENT DISEASE

Battle with Leprosy

END ALMOST IN SIGHT

By a Medical Correspondent

Leprosy is one of the most ancient and most terrible of diseases; and, though year by year it has been growing less prevalent, yet till quite recent years it has been considered almost incurable. But within the last few years newer methods of applying the old remedy, chaulmoogra oil, have given such good results that victory seems within sight.

Chaulmoogra oil—extracted from the seeds of a tropical tree—has for many years been the favourite remedy for leprosy, but it is so repulsive that even lepers could not take it for any length of time. To get over that difficulty Dr. Heiser, doctor of a leper colony in the Philippine Islands, began six or seven years ago to give the oil by injection, and found that, given in that way, the remedy was even more effective, and that the leprous sores and ulcers healed rapidly.

In 1917 Sir Leonard Rogers, of Calcutta, got still better results by injecting certain salts contained in the oil. He found, in fact, that he could cure half the cases of leprosy which had not lasted more than three years, and could even cure some of the lepers who had been lepers for ten or fifteen years. And lately Dr. J. T. McDonald, who is in charge of the Leprosy Investigation Station at Kalihi, Hawaii, reports that he has effected wonderful cures by means of a chemical constituent prepared from the oil.

So that it really seems as if victory over this disease is at last in sight.

BUNGLING BUILDERS

Things Done in New Houses

Some curious facts have been published concerning new houses built near Luton, where it is said no provision has been made for unfastening pantry doors from the inside, so that if the door shuts the occupants are kept prisoners.

Another building muddle is reported from Brixworth, in Northamptonshire, where it is said that nine houses are being built without any means of obtaining water.

Builders who do stupid things like this are, unfortunately, not uncommon. There was a Croydon builder who built a house in which, when a leaking pipe wanted a new washer, the whole water-supply of the house had to be run off for want of a tap turning off the tank.

Architects, as a rule, are all too willing to leave such matters to the builders, and builders, as a rule, are much too willing to avail themselves of the architect's indifference; and, while the landlord pays the bill, the tenant suffers all the misery and inconvenience of these people's neglect.

SHALL AND WILL

The difficulty of using "shall" and "will" suitably to express either the future tense simply or strong determination is felt by nearly all Scots, and we have received a useful little booklet in which the different uses of these words are clearly and briefly explained by Adolphe Bernon. It is published at eightpence by Hachette.

DAY AND NIGHT IN NOVEMBER

This diagram shows the average daily light and darkness in October, November, and December

THE FLOODED MINES

A Great Fear Not Realised

HALF A MILLION TONS OF WATER IN A DAY

All through the summer the water in the flooded mines at Tipton, in South Staffordshire, has been steadily rising, and no pumping has been done in the abandoned area since August 1919, when the precarious position of the adjacent coal-fields was reported in the C.N.

Some time ago the fear was expressed that when the water reached the level of the neighbouring pits in Oldbury it would overflow into them, and continue its devastation there. This led to the installation of two new electrical pumps capable of dealing with immense quantities of water, by which it was hoped that any sudden overflow would be coped with successfully.

But the expected rush of water never came; the flood is playing strange tricks, for it has risen far above the level of the Oldbury shafts, and still has not penetrated there, so that it would seem that there is no connecting link between the two areas. It is predicted by the engineers that the water soon will reach the level of the river Tame, which runs near, and into which it will find a natural outlet.

If this happens it should bring about the solution of a very puzzling problem, and it may become possible to drain the whole of the flooded area in this way. The annual report of the commission shows that the rainfall during the summer, over the whole area of 80 square miles, was on an average 544,000 tons every 24 hours.

A BIRD'S 10,000 PIECES

The Nest of the Nuthatch

The nuthatch is famous for its nut-cracking powers. It fixes a hazel-nut in a crevice on a tree and hammers it with its bill with very vigorous blows until the shell is broken.

The nesting-place is usually in a hole in a tree, and the entrance is often barricaded with clay and small pebbles. Inside there is a bed made of pieces of bark and dry leaves, which are all carefully selected.

In the October number of British Birds, Mr. A. H. Machell Cox tells the story of a nest built in a box made from the trunk of a hollow tree and fastened 12 feet up on a Scots pine. The outside plastering and the inside bed-making took up three weeks of hard work.

After the nesting was over the observer spent some hours counting the pieces of bark that had been used. The materials weighed just 31 ounces, and there were 13,300 bits of bark, including about 400 chips of wood and 100 dry holly leaves. Allowing a margin for breakage, against which something must be reckoned for bits that stuck together and to the sides of the box, there must have been 10,000 pieces—and in the earlier stages it was unusual for more than one bit to be brought at a time!

SAVING BABIES

40,000 Lives a Year

In the United States 2,500,000 babies are born every year.

The greatest number of deaths always occurs during the first year of human life, and any care that saves the lives of children at that age helps more than at any other time to increase the population of a country.

An American association for helping to preserve the lives of these very young children reports that in 260 American cities, with a population of 31,000,000 people out of the 105,000,000 in the whole country, 12,000 fewer children died in 1919 than in 1918.

If the same rate of preserving child life by greater care has been kept up throughout the whole country, there must have been a saving of the lives of 40,000 children in the States in one year.

IS HISTORY FLAPDOODLE?

One of the Great Events in the Annals of Our Race

HEROES FOR YOUTH EVERYWHERE

Flapdoodle is the only word that a grown-up paper called the Church Times seems able to find for that great departure of the Pilgrim Fathers who founded the United States.

It is a pity that there are grown-up papers so ignorant of history and so blind to all the meaning of events. If the Church Times will read Mr. Basil Mathews's little book "The Argonauts of Faith" it will understand the facts, and as an honest paper will feel bound to unsay its flapdoodle. If it will read only the little introduction of Lord Bryce, one of the wisest minds that ever surveyed the history of events, it will feel in honour bound to be ashamed of having taken the side of the rickety-legged and demented King James against that rare band of selfless Englishmen who went out, in the name of God, to sow the seeds of the American nation.

Men of Good Courage

What is it Lord Bryce says? This going out of the Pilgrims, he tells us, was one of the greatest events in the annals of the English race, and he goes on:

> The Plymouth Pilgrims had the qualities which belong to the English race. They had courage, constancy, loyalty to their convictions. They stamped these qualities upon the infant colony. They gave their distinctive quality to the men of those north-eastern American colonies, which has told upon and determined the character of the whole American people.

They won undying fame, these men, by their faith in God and the courage with which they bore their hardships, and Lord Bryce goes on:

> The memory of what they were and what they did is today one of the strongest links that bind America and England together. They set a noble example for the youth of England as well as the youth of America to remember and to imitate. It is an example in which the present generation now called upon, as it reaches manhood, to make good the losses of the war, may find stimulus and cheer.

Story That Will Live

But this little book has in it, besides this noble appreciation by Lord Bryce, the splendid story of a great adventure, told by Mr. Basil Mathews as boys and girls will like to have it told. The nine chapters of this book, brief, and in big type, so that they can be read in an hour or two, tell one of the greatest stories in the world, which will live when the Church Times and its flapdoodle have perished in oblivion.

No story ever told more strongly appeals to the imagination of the human race, and Mr. Mathews has told it like the drama that it is. If you are fathers give it to your children; if you are children, buy it with your pocket-money; if you are at school, win it as a prize. It is published at 5s. by Hodder & Stoughton, and has excellent coloured plates and useful maps.

HOW EGYPT SAVES COAL

Fuel from the Cotton Fields

Thousands of tons of coal are now being saved in Egypt in the driving of the machinery used in pumping water for irrigating cotton fields. The waste parts of the cotton plants are themselves being used as fuel.

The stems of plants are cut up into small pieces a few inches long, and then tightly compressed by means of a special machine, and these are being used to produce gas in an apparatus invented for the purpose. Large suction-gas engines are thus supplied with the energy they formerly derived from coal, and so successful is the system that already quite a large number of irrigation plants are at work on these lines.

© 2007 Look and Learn Magazine Ltd / www.lookandlearn.com. All rights reserved.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

Wood Pigeons Arrive

STORMCOCK SINGING AGAIN

By Our Country Correspondent

October 31. The missel thrush has begun to give us his song again, and it is this habit of singing in winter and bad weather generally that has led the country people to call him the stormcock. The missel thrush can be easily distinguished from the song thrush on account of its larger size, greyer colour, and more spotted breast. It is also a stronger and bolder flier than its relation.

November 1. Although wood pigeons remain with us all the year round, there are many foreign specimens that leave their northern haunts and visit us in the autumn; and these are now arriving and swelling the number of native birds. The wood pigeon seems as fond of the town as the country, and its coo-coo-coo is quite familiar to the city dweller.

November 2. The fall of leaves has been going on apace, and many of the trees are now quite stripped. Among them are the maple, ash, cherry, white poplar, crab apple, guelder rose, laburnum, syringa, and whitethorn; and the red currant is keeping them company.

November 3. The primrose is a dainty flower, and seems to blossom on and off all the winter. Already we may in places see an occasional flower in bloom, and such early comers are welcome.

November 4. The falling of the leaves is opening out new vistas, and one result of the baring of the hedgerows is that many deserted nests are now exposed to our sight. Probably some of these were not even suspected by us when the songsters who have gone off to southern lands were being reared in them.

November 5. It is not a great time just now for moths, but the dainty little lithocolletes, or brown dolly, as it is sometimes called, is worth looking for. Its garb of brown, spotted with white, is very attractive, but it is so small that it will need a keen eye to pick it out.

November 6. The hooded crow, sometimes called the Royston crow and the corbie, is now arriving for its winter stay, and is to be seen chiefly near the coast. It is a more sociable bird than the carrion crow, which it resembles.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Winds of November

This map shows the direction of the prevailing winds in the United Kingdom during November

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Cut down the stems of asparagus, and clean the beds from weeds. Hoe and clean between rows of cabbage, and loosen soil. Remove all decaying leaves.

Continue to earth up and protect cardoons. Cauliflowers that have formed nearly full-sized heads should have a leaf or two broken to afford protection from slight frosts.

Plant roses, and protect them from the effects of severe frosts by surrounding them with bracken or other litter.

Gladiolus bulbs should be lifted and stored away safe from frost.

THE MOTH TRAP

WHAT IS THE PAPER BAND ROUND A TREE?

Insect's No Man's Land in the Fruit Orchards

CARRYING THE LADY OVER THE TOP

By a Country Correspondent

During a ride through any fruit-growing part of the country just now you will see thousands of trees with a band of greasy paper tied round the trunk, about four feet from the ground.

This is really a trap to catch an insect, and it is safe to say that if farmers failed to set these traps in winter there would be thousands of pounds' worth of fruit the less in the summer.

The insect in question is the little winter moth, and the male and female are very different in appearance. The male is greyish-brown, with dark wavy lines on its forewings, and when it is resting on the ground or on the trunk of a tree it is very difficult to see, so well is it camouflaged.

Wings that are Useless

The female, however, has wings that are of little use, and she is unable to fly at all, so that when she wants to lay her eggs at the base of the buds of fruit trees, or in chinks on the branches, she has to crawl up the trunk. It is to catch her on her journey that the paper band is tied round the tree.

The paper is covered thickly with grease, and when the female moth walks up and steps gaily upon the sticky substance, she is held tight, and will never trouble the farmer again. An examination of a banded tree will often show scores of female winter moths caught and held in this no man's land. They try, but they cannot "go over the top."

Without the grease band the eggs would be laid, and in the spring thousands of little caterpillars would devour the foliage, blossoms, and young green shoots, and ruin the crop and probably the trees.

Millions of Grease Bands

Some large fruit-growers buy tons of paper and spend hundreds of pounds in banding their trees. The grease, which is first put on in October, has to be renewed a month later, and then in March there must be a third application to catch the March moth, another moth of which the female is practically wingless and crawls up the trunk.

A very interesting thing was noticed in Cambridgeshire a few years ago. One or two male winter moths were seen carrying the females up over the grease bands by flying across the danger area with them. It is thought that this might be an instance of adaptation to circumstances, but it is hoped that the practice will not become general.

There must be millions of these grease bands on plum, apple, and damson trees up and down the country.

BAD GRAMMAR ON THE RAILWAY

English as a Daily Paper Spells It

In London railway carriages which run to Folkestone and Dover to bring in passengers from abroad a certain newspaper advertises itself.

The advertisement boasts the attractions of this English paper, but does so in English which would disgrace a third standard school child, for the announcement of the paper speaks of "it's condensed but authentic" news service. Now, the word meant is *its*, not *it's*. *Its* is, of course, the possessive case of the pronoun *it*; while *it's* is a contraction of *it is*.

Surely it is deplorable that foreigners and visitors to London should have to travel in carriages where ungrammatical English stares them in the face.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

[Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card

Are Male and Female Spiders Alike?

In full-grown examples the male has knob-like ends to its feelers; those of the female are smooth.

Why Do We Often Find Dead Shrews?

Birds and animals kill, but do not always eat, them. Shrews die in multitudes in autumn from causes which have not yet been discovered.

What is the Largest Bird in the World?

The ostrich is the largest of existing birds. A full-grown male is eight feet high at the crown of the head. The condor is the largest flying bird.

Why Is a Foxglove Spotted and Hairy?

We may be sure that the pattern and texture of the foxglove have developed to attract and suit its favourite guest, the humble bee, and to repel less welcome insects.

What Is a Bird's Gizzard For?

A bird's gizzard is to grind up grain and other hard foods swallowed. It is a muscular receptacle with a horny lining, and, stored with grit, acts as a mill to make food digestible.

Are Lizards Poisonous?

All lizards are harmless except one family, the heloderms of Central America. These secrete poison, and when they bite the injury is sometimes fatal to man.

What Is the Largest Insect?

The giant stick insect is the largest of all insects. When full grown it attains a length of nine or ten inches. Examples of this strange creature may be seen at the London Zoo, born and bred there.

How Much Honey Does a Bee Make in a Year?

Nobody can say exactly how much honey a bee makes, but we do know that a hive containing from 40,000 to 50,000 bees may produce 400 pounds of honey during a summer.

How Long Can a Man Stay Under Water?

A healthy man can remain under water from one to two minutes. The record is held by Georges Pouliquen, a Frenchman, who in 1912 remained under water for nearly six and a half minutes.

Are There Any Wild Cattle in Europe?

The ancient aurochs is, of course, extinct, but until the war the real wild European bison lived in the forests of Lithuania. Whether any survived the war, carried into their last retreat, we do not yet know.

Why Do Some Birds Hop and Others Walk?

Tracing back the ancestry of birds we find that many species of birds originated from a few dissimilar types, in which hopping and walking were probably distinct traits. Structure would originally determine gait. The starling, for example, has its legs wide apart, and shambles like a bandy person.

What Makes the Glow-Worm Shine?

Certainly it is not phosphorescence, as many books state, that makes the glow-worm shine. Apparently the slow oxidation of a substance formed under the influence of the nervous system causes the luminous glow. It is light without heat. Even the eggs of the glow-worm are luminous.

How Can an Elephant Pick Up a Pin?

At the upper tip of the trunk, between the nostrils, the Indian elephant has a marvellously sensitive organ, commonly called a finger. The African elephant has two such fingers, one above and one below, at the extremity of the trunk. These are the organs enabling an elephant, which can lift a gigantic man, to pick up a threepenny-piece.

RACE OF THE PLANETS

VENUS, MARS, AND EARTH

Mars Losing 300 Miles a Minute

TWINS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Two bright objects may be seen low down in the south-west sky in the coming evenings, between five and six o'clock.

The brightest is the lustrous Venus, while at a considerable distance away to the left is Mars, still beaming upon us with a golden light.

These are much the most conspicuous objects in that part of the heavens, and should be looked for soon after sunset, as Venus will not be visible for long after five o'clock.

These two planets will be of great interest to young astronomers during the next two months because of the gradual approach of Venus to Mars, till they will at last appear so close that the Moon could not pass between them.

They will then present a beautiful sight against the sunset sky—Mars, like a golden jewel, close above Venus, which will then be brighter than it is now.

Mars Retreating

This event will occur early in January. In the meantime Mars will appear to be retreating among the stars, moving towards the left, with Venus after him, but travelling much more quickly till she finally catches him up. Such is what we see from our view-point on the Earth; now let us see what is actually the case, which will add greatly to the interest of the phenomenon.

At present Venus is 125 million miles away. She is really speeding after the Earth and not after Mars at all. Mars

Present appearance and relative sizes of Mars and Venus

is about 140 million miles from us, and is also coming after the Earth, but losing ground by some 300 miles every minute, while Venus is gaining on us at the rate of about 150 miles a minute.

As we look, therefore, at these two beautiful orbs suspended against a roseate sky we may realise, not only that they are travelling after us in much the same direction, but they are at the moment by far the nearest objects visible.

Nearest World to Us

Mercury, indeed, is actually the nearest, being only 70 million miles away; but as he is about to pass between us and the sun he is invisible.

A singular thing about these two worlds is that at the present time neither of them appears round when seen through a telescope; and, moreover, both are of similar shape—gibbous, like the moon when between the first quarter and full. It is due to the same cause—that we do not see quite all of the side illuminated by the sun; while the part of the night side of the planet presented to us, being dark, appears to have been cut away.

The picture shows their appearance and relative sizes, from which it will be seen that Venus is much the larger actually as well as apparently, Venus being 7700 miles in diameter, while Mars is but 4216, as compared with our world's 7927 miles.

No two large worlds are known to approach each other so closely in point of size as the Earth and Venus, which are practically twins; and there are many reasons for believing that they are in other respects very similar. G. F. M.

© 2007 Look and Learn Magazine Ltd / www.lookandlearn.com. All rights reserved.

OUT OF BOUNDS

An Exciting Story of the Secret of an Old Ruin

: : Told by T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 13

The Saving of Stan

For a second or two Mr. Prynne looked at his son as though he could not believe his ears.

"Is that all you have to say?" he asked at last.

"That is all," replied Stan quietly.

"Go to my study and wait for me," ordered his father.

As Stan turned to obey Hank stepped forward.

"It wasn't Stan, sir," he said sharply.

Mr. Prynne swung round upon the American boy.

"What do you know about it?" he demanded.

"Guess I know he didn't do it," answered Hank curtly.

"Then who did?"

"I don't know—for certain."

"But I do."

It was Bee's voice, and Bee herself, her pretty face flushed and her eyes shining, came suddenly upon the scene. Behind her, with hanging head and face putty-white with terror, followed Dutton.

"What does this mean, Beatrice?" asked her father in a terrible voice.

Bee was not dismayed.

"Dutton, you tell them."

Dutton stood shivering. He opened and shut his mouth like a fish out of water, but no sound came. As for the boys who were looking on, they seemed hardly to breathe.

Mr. Prynne, angry as he was, could not help pitying the boy.

"Tell us what you know, Dutton," he said gently.

At last Dutton found his voice.

"It wasn't Prynne, sir. It was me," he said thickly.

"You mean that you took this money?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dutton, and his voice was suddenly choked by a sob.

"But I don't understand," said Mr. Prynne helplessly. "Stanley, I am told, was seen in the room. Can anyone explain?"

"I think I can, sir," spoke up Burton. "I don't know all the facts, but Prynne was kept in that afternoon, and my impression is that he heard Dutton in the Fourth Form room, and saw him taking the money, and has been trying to shield him."

"Is this true, Dutton?" asked the master.

"Yes, sir," replied Dutton miserably. "He made me put back what I'd taken, and said he'd make up the rest out of some money he would have today. He made me promise I'd go and tell Glanfield, and I was going to when I fell downstairs."

Mr. Prynne drew a long breath of relief. His face cleared like magic. But before he could speak again some boy in the background gave a shout: "Three cheers for Stan Prynne!"

They were given with a will. Stan stood with his eyes on the ground, looking extremely unhappy, but as for Bee, her small face glowed with delight.

Suddenly Glanfield pushed out of the crowd and came to Stan.

"I'm beastly sorry, Prynne," he said. "But I couldn't help it, could I? It all pointed to you."

"That's all right, Glanfield," said Stan; and the boys cheered again as the two shook hands.

Mr. Prynne put his hand on Dutton's shoulder. "Come with me," he said. "You, too, Bee."

And the three slipped quietly away down to the school.

The boys were thronging round Stan. A number had the grace to apologise. Only Delmar and a few of his particular pals and toadies stood aloof.

Hank turned to Delmar. "Guess it's up to you to say you're sorry," he observed briefly.

Delmar looked him full in the face. "When I want lessons from you I'll ask for them," he answered.

"Then maybe you'll get more than you want," retorted Hank.

Then he joined Stan, and all went down to the school together.

"Say, Stan," said Hank, when he had got him to himself, "if it hadn't been for your sister you'd have been properly in the soup."

"How on earth did she come to know anything about it?" asked Stan.

"I told her. But the rest she did herself. She's a topper, Stan."

Stan nodded. "So are you, old chap," he said gratefully. "I shan't forget in a hurry the way you stuck to me."

"Oh, shucks!" jeered Hank. "It didn't take any Sherlock Holmes to see you were taking the blame for some other chap."

Stan started slightly. "I'd almost forgotten Dutton. I say, Hank, I don't want to see that chap expelled. I must ask Dad what he's going to do."

Hank nodded. "You're the only chap that can. You'd best go right along."

He went, and was away nearly an hour. He never told Hank what happened at that interview, but its success was proved by the fact that Dutton was not expelled. He was not even caned. Mr. Prynne was wise enough to know that his punishment would be no light one. The other boys would see to that. He gave him his chance, and told him plainly that it was up to him to take it.

CHAPTER 14

A Bit of the Wild West

Hank was in the box-room when Stan came round the corner and saw him. "I've been looking for you everywhere," he exclaimed.

"Well, I guess you've found me," said Hank who was busy coiling that wonderful rope of his. "And what's it all about?"

"Father's given us an extra half-holiday this afternoon."

Hank nodded. "So I heard," he said drily.

"And there's no match. Let's go on the bust."

Hank's answer was to turn solemnly both trouser-pockets inside out. They were quite empty.

Stan put his hand into his and pulled out—a handful of silver.

"Say, what bank have you been burgling?" asked Hank.

"Birthday tips," chuckled Stan, "two of ten bob each. I bought some new fives-balls, and here's the balance. Now, what do you say to a tramp over to Pirley Cove and tea at the tuckshop?"

"I'm right there," replied Hank. "But say, Stan, wish we could ride. I'm plumb tired of walking."

Stan laughed.

"Bring your rope, and we'll catch a couple of the cliff ponies," he said.

"Sounds good to me," said Hank.

And just then the dinner-bell rang, and the pair ran.

Dinner over, the two chums set out together. It was a lovely autumn day, with a bright sun and just enough chill in the air to make walking pleasant. Their way led across the broad commons facing the sea, where the late gorse still shone with golden bloom.

Hank was rather silent, but Stan was in great spirits.

"Delmar's taking a back seat nowadays," he said.

"Just shows how cute he is. You notice how cleverly he slipped out of all that business last week. But you keep your eyes skinned, Stan. That chap's got it in for you, and don't you forget it!" Then suddenly he changed the subject. "Say, there are two ponies."

"What about them?" asked Stan, in surprise.

"What's the matter with catching and riding 'em?"

Stan stared. He had quite forgotten his chaffing remarks made before dinner.

Hank was unbuttoning his coat, and, to his amazement, Stan saw that he had his rope wrapped round his body.

"You don't mean you're really going to try to catch those ponies?" he exclaimed, in amazement.

"Won't be much trying about it," said Hank drily. "They'll be as easy as two old sheep."

"But, my dear chap, they're not ours!" objected Stan.

"I'm not going to steal 'em. I only want a loan of 'em," said Hank, as he uncoiled his rope.

Stan saw that the American boy was in earnest, and suddenly the fun and adventure of the whole thing seized him.

"All right," he said; "but I don't believe you can catch one, all the same."

"Watch me," Hank answered, and went forward.

The ponies were shaggy, stocky little beasts belonging, no doubt, to one of the commoners. As Hank approached they both looked up and ceased grazing. Hank stopped dead till they began to eat again.

Then he went on, and, bit by bit, worked up till at last he was within a score of yards of the nearest.

All of a sudden his lasso, which had been hanging in loose coils at his side, leaped into wide circles. The nearest pony heard its hiss, and, kicking up its heels, started away. It was too late. Like a live thing the whizzing rope leaped towards it, and the loop settled squarely round its neck. Hank flung himself right back, and the jerk brought the pony up all standing.

In a flash Hank had reached it and was on its back. Then began a show such as Stan had never seen outside a circus. The pony kicked and bucked, plunging all over the place; but Hank sat as if glued, gripping like wax with the calves of his legs.

It was a gorgeous display of horsemanship.

Finding it impossible to get rid of its rider, the pony bolted. Hank, leaning forward, seized its nose and tried to turn it. But the pony was not taking any.

"Look out, Hank!" shouted Stan. "Look out! He's going straight for the hedge!"

A stiff quick-set bounded the common on the landward side. Stan, running hard, could see a red-tiled roof beyond. He saw the pony reach the hedge, and held his breath, expecting it to stop short and shoot Hank over its head.

Not a bit of it! Sitting tight as ever, Hank rammed in his heels, and up went the pony, soaring over the hedge in splendid style.

Followed a splintering crash, a yell from Hank, a shriek of terror from somebody else, and Stan, flinging himself breathlessly through a gap, saw Hank flat on his back in the middle of a scattered pile of faggots, a girl running like mad towards a small house beyond, and the pony, with the rope trailing behind it, galloping across a potato patch at high speed.

Next instant the pony had jumped the opposite fence and vanished, and Stan was picking Hank out of the sticks.

"Hurt, old chap?" he asked anxiously.

"No!" snapped Hank. "Idiots! Why in sense do they want to stack sticks against a hedge like this? The beastly things brought the pony down, and me too! And now the beggar's gone, and I'm done out of my ride, and my rope too!"

Stan stifled his laughter.

"Just as well," he answered soberly. "You've got to remember this isn't the Wild West, Hank. You've frightened that girl into a fit, and dug up about a row and a half of potatoes. We'd better go and apologise."

He led the way to the house, and they knocked and knocked; but there was no answer. He tried the door, but it was locked.

"No go!" he said at last. "That girl ain't going to trust herself with bandits like us. We'd better go on."

It took Hank some time to recover from his spill. His feelings were hurt. But the tea at Pirley was a remarkably good one, and by degrees he became himself again.

They got back in time for evening call-over, and by next morning had almost forgotten the excitement of the previous day. The two went into breakfast together, and both found letters in their plates.

Stan's was from Bee, who was away on a short visit to an aunt, but was due back next day. He was deep in it when Hank jogged his elbow.

"Stan," he said, "read this!"

Stan took the letter, which was badly written on a ruled sheet of cheap paper. It ran as follows:

"To Mr. Harker. Sir, it has cum to my nolledge that you was the gent as rode a pony across mi garden and broke mi pea stix, and frytened mi dorter so they say she'll nevver be the same agane. I estermates the dammage done to mi garden and stix as one pound ten shillings, and there's the doktor's bill for Mary as well. You better cum and see me about this job, for if you don't I shall cum and see yore marster. So no more at present from yores truly, Isac Horton."

"What do you think of it?" asked Hank. Stan frowned.

"I don't half like it," he said. "But how on earth did the fellow get your name?"

"Beats me," replied Hank. "But it's blackmail—no less! Thirty bob for ten cents' worth of pea sticks! Why, it's daylight robbery!"

"All the same, we'd better go," said Stan. "It'll never do to let the business come to my father's ears. He'd make a fuss about roping that pony."

"I guess he would. All serene We'll go right along after dinner and talk real nice to Mr. I. Horton."

TO BE CONTINUED

The Best Fairy Stories

the jolliest jokes, the most amusing riddles, and the most interesting toy models appear in YOUNG FOLKS' TALES. Three new titles every month.

The following are just out:

No. 526. Mabel and the Moving Castle

No. 527. The Sleeping Prince

No. 528. In the Land of the Tree People

Buy them TODAY and give your newsagent a regular order for all future issues of

YOUNG FOLKS' TALES . 1½d. Each

Five-Minute Story

Caught

Fred awoke with a start and listened intently.

The stillness of the night was broken by the hooting of a solitary owl.

"I suppose I must have been dreaming, but I felt sure I heard somebody try the door," he said, half aloud, as he rolled over in bed.

Fred Garton was alone in the house, for his mother had left that day to go to Scotland, and his father had gone with her to Wayland Junction to see her off. The junction was quite fifteen miles away, and as his car was at the repairer's, and the train service was bad, Mr. Garton was staying the night at Wayland.

Try as he would, sleep would not come to Fred.

Creak! Creak!

"What was that?" he exclaimed, sitting up in bed.

Creak! Creak!

Again the sound came from below—the noise of a door being gently forced open.

Fred remained quite still for a few moments, thinking hard what to do; then he jumped out of bed and felt on the dressing-table for his electric torch. As he did so his hand fell on a book, and it gave him an idea.

Footsteps could now be heard below.

"Apparently he knows I am alone," mused Fred. "Now for a little surprise for Mr. Burglar."

Creeping out on tip-toe, he arrived on the landing as the intruder was crossing the hall.

There was a flash and a terrific bang!

The intruder did not wait for a second shot, but dived through the door and out into the night.

"That has settled your little game!" laughed Fred.

He went downstairs and peered cautiously out of the door.

Not a soul could he see; the place seemed strangely quiet and deserted. Fred closed the door and turned to go to his room, shaking with nervous excitement. He was half-way up when a stern command of "Hands up!" caused him to stumble, fall, and roll over in a heap to the foot of the stairs.

Hours seemed to have passed when a light flashed full in his face, and—"Fred! Are you hurt?" called a familiar voice.

He quickly pulled himself together.

"No; I am all right, Dad. But how did you get here?" he asked, as he rose to his feet.

"The car was ready, so I altered my plans," said Mr. Garton. "But I was received with a revolver shot, so I ran to the back of the house to attack the fellow from the rear."

He was stopped by a roar of laughter from Fred.

"I took *you* for a burglar!" he cried. "And as for the revolver, here is its flash"—indicating his flash lamp—"and the noise I made by banging a book against the wall."

"And a good imitation, too!" said his father, when he had recovered from his astonishment.

© 2007 Look and Learn Magazine Ltd / www.lookandlearn.com. All rights reserved.

I Love Old October So, I Cannot Bear To See Her Go

Dr MERRYMAN

"THIS is a very fine snowstorm scene. It is so realistic it almost makes me feel cold to look at it," exclaimed a critic to his artist friend.

"Yes, it must be," admitted the artist. "In my absence one day a man came into the studio, looked at the picture, and put on my new overcoat, and went out in it."

Can You Read This?

The following conversation was overheard between two rustics.

"U C E B A O B E"
"O E B A O B E B E?"
"I E B"
"Y B E?"
"Y? E B A M P U C"
"O I I C" *Key next week*

Non-Stop

"A STANDING account
Is a queer thing," said Duns,
"The longer it stands,
The longer it runs."

A Film Story

HE strode into the office of the film company with an impressive bearing. It was work that he wanted.

"You are an actor?" queried the producer.

"I am," replied the youth.

"Had any experience of acting without audiences?"

"Acting without audiences is what brought me here," sadly replied the tragedian.

A Mystery

THE schoolboy likes me well,
For healthful sport I bring;
Yet I can harm create,
Though such a little thing;
Wedded bliss is formed by me;
My nature is equality.
Answer next week

Wind and Weather

NO quail will quail before the wind,
A bough will bow before it;
We cannot rein the rain, or find
That earthly powers reign o'er it.

Robert Browning's First Poem

GOOD people all
Who wish to see
A boy take physic,
Look at me.

Ough

'TIS not an easy task to show
How o-u-g-h sound; since *though*,
An Irish *lough*, an English *slough*,
And *cough*, and *hiccough*, all allow,
Differ as much as *lough* and *through*,
There seems no reason why they do.

Is Your Name Ingham?

INGHAM, originally spelt Engeham, is from an old French word, Engan, meaning trickery. Probably the first holder of the name was noted as a practical joker.

The Traveller's A B C

S IS the Stairway which works day and night;
Proceed on the left, but stand on the right.

T IS for Train. If you should be late,
Don't worry; there's but a few seconds to wait.

A Smart Boy

JOHNNY had just returned home after his first day at school.

"What did you learn today, sonny?" asked his mother.

"Nothing at all," was the startling reply.

"Oh, come now! You must have learned something," protested his mother.

"No, Mummy. But there was a lady who wanted to know how to spell cat, and I told her."

A Queer Creature

A GUIDING eye I need
In running through the gaps;
My tail, as on I speed,
Is caught in many traps.
Answer next week

I Say

A GENTLEMAN who was in the habit of interlarding his discourse with the expression "I say," having been informed by a friend that a certain individual had made some ill-natured remarks upon this peculiarity, took the opportunity of addressing him in the following amusing style of rebuke:

I say, sir, I hear say you say I say "I say" at every word I say. Now, sir, although I know I say "I say" at every word I say, still I say, sir, it is not for you to say I say "I say" at every word I say.

WHAT does a golf-ball do at the end of a drive?
It stops and looks round.

Etiquette

"I'VE just bought my wife two new sable coats," exclaimed Mr. Newrich.

"Two? What extravagance!" replied his friend.

"Oh, not at all! It would not be the thing to call on friends in the same coat as she wears for shopping."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Can You Explain This?

A man with one eye two plums must have seen,
One perfectly ripe, the other quite green.
The former he took and ate it with pleasure,
The other he left to ripen at leisure.

Great and Small Stael, least.

Who Was He?

The Dull Genius was Charles Darwin.

Jacko the Wizard

JACKO had managed to get such a bad cold that instead of going to school he was kept at home in bed.

With his Mother's careful nursing he soon lost his cold—but not his cough. The family thought a little change might do him good. So he was packed off on a visit to his Uncle, who lived in a house with a big garden and an orchard round it.

Jacko was leaving the orchard one morning, his pockets bulging with apples, when he came across a little wooden building that he hadn't noticed before. He went up to the door and peeped in. It was a store-room, and the floor and shelves were covered with fruit.

"Coo!" cried Jacko softly, pushing open the door and going in. "What a spread!"

Just then he heard steps on the path outside. It was the gardener, and Jacko heard him say,

"That's a beauty! A real beauty! Master will be pleased. I'll go and fatch him, and show him what Old Ben can do." And away he trotted.

Jacko grinned and peeped through the window. There lay a pear on the cucumber frame, the finest Jacko had ever seen. No wonder the old man was proud of it.

But Master Jacko was in a teasing mood that morning. Quick as lightning he darted out, picked up the precious pear, and put an apple in its place. As soon as he was safely in the store-room again, back came Old Ben, saying,

"Master's out. I'll carry it to the house in case—— Bless my soul!" he broke off, staring hard at the cucumber frame.

"I must be dreaming," cried old Ben

"'Tain't a pear; it's an apple! I must be dreaming. I'll pinch myself to see—no, I bain't!" He stared round. "And not a soul about, neither. It beats me, this do—beats me holler! Susan!" he shouted out to his wife. "Susan!"

Susan didn't answer. She was busy; it was washing day.

"Susan!" called Old Ben again. "I want you."

And as she didn't come Old Ben went to fetch her.

Directly his back was turned, out darted Jacko, picked up the apple, and put down the pear.

From the crack through the door he watched Old Ben come up the path with Susan behind him, frowning and wiping the soapsuds from her bare arms. Ben was explaining things.

"Now, look you, Susan," he said, pointing to the cucumber frame, "what do you call that?"

Susan gave one swift glance at it and turned in a fury.

"What do I call it?" she repeated in a shrill voice. "Why, a pear, as large as life, you great donkey. What ever's wrong with you this morning? I'll teach you to fetch me away from my work with your scatterbrain tales!"

And off she went, stamping down the path, and leaving poor Old Ben scratching his head in utter bewilderment.

Ici on Parle Français

Le chêne Le fer à cheval Le veilleur

Les glands sont les fruits du chêne
Qui a trouvé ce fer à cheval?
Le veilleur ne dort pas à son poste

Le timbre Le pin La mare

On met le timbre sur l'enveloppe
Les pins croissent dans la montagne
La mare est pleine de grenouilles

Notes and Queries

What was the Minotaur? In Greek mythology the Minotaur was a fabulous monster confined in the Cretan labyrinth, and fed with youths and maidens from Athens. It was killed by Theseus.

What is the Fibula? The fibula is the outer of the two bones of the leg below the knee.

What does à pied mean? These words are French for on foot; thus we say "he went to town à pied."

What does F.A.S.E. mean? The letters F.A.S.E. after a man's name mean that he is a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh.

A B C Stories

The Ink

I STANDS for ink—the ink that rolled out of the pot across the tablecloth down on the carpet.

It got Jimmy into terrible trouble, and he was sent to bed as a punishment.

And yet it was not altogether his fault. He was left alone with his copy that morning because Mummy was busy, and it's dull, as everybody knows, doing lessons all by yourself. Jimmy wrote one line, and then stopped. He put down his pen, stuck his elbows on the table, and stared out of the window.

As he sat there, thinking of all the things he might do if there were no such things as copies in the world, he heard somebody whistling in the lane.

He knew who it was—his friend the butcher boy.

The whistling grew louder and louder till suddenly it stopped, and a head appeared at the window.

"Hallo!" cried a cheery voice. "What's the matter?"

"I want to go out and fly my new kite," said Jimmy.

"Well, why don't you?" asked the butcher boy.

"I've got a copy to do, and it's ever such a long one," said Jimmy dolefully. "I 'spect it will take all the ink in the pot."

"Got to empty the inkpot, have you?" laughed the butcher boy. "Well, it's easy enough to do that!" and he sprang up on to the window ledge, leaned over, and pretended to upset the bottle.

Jimmy burst out laughing. That was a good idea! He put

It rolled across the cloth

out his hand and touched the pot. He touched it a little harder than he meant to. Over it went like a ninepin, and out ran the ink all over the table!

Jimmy stared at the little black stream with horror in his eyes. But the butcher boy thought it a splendid joke, and went off roaring with laughter.

He was round the corner and out of sight by the time Mother came in. If she had known how that young gentleman had put the idea into Jimmy's head she might not have been so angry. But she never did, for Jimmy liked his friend the butcher boy too well to get him into trouble.

© 2007 Look and Learn Magazine Ltd / www.lookandlearn.com. All rights reserved.

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

October 30, 1920 — Every Friday, 2d.

Postage of the Children's Newspaper is Inland 1d., Abroad ½d.; a year's postal subscription is Inland 13s., Abroad 11s. A year's postal subscription to its monthly companion, My Magazine, is: British Isles, 14s.; elsewhere, 13s. 6d. In South Africa, Australasia, Canada, all subscriptions must go through the agents given below.

NEW HOME FOR PRIME MINISTERS · PRINCE AT PLAY · WONDER TEMPLE

New Home of the Prime Minister—Chequers, the beautiful Tudor mansion in Buckinghamshire, which Lord Lee has presented to the nation for the use of all future British Prime Ministers. See page 2

The Ladder of Life — A happy group of children waiting to help the farmer

Boys of the Old Brigade—These jolly boys at a holiday camp are members of the Boys' Brigade, which was started nearly forty years ago and is still flourishing. See page 4

Peasant Premier—Monsieur Stambolinsky, the Prime Minister of Bulgaria, who was sentenced to death. See page 7

One of the Pictures the Prince Brought Home with Him—The Prince of Wales had a strenuous time during his journey across the world, and even in his recreations he astounded everyone by his energy. Here he is seen in a favourite portrait he brought home with him playing tennis at Dominica in the Leeward Islands

First Woman B.A. of Oxford—Miss Ivy Williams, the first woman to receive the B.A. degree at Oxford University

A Giant Motor Tyre—This tyre for a motor char-a-banc is nearly twelve feet round, and cost more than a small car cost before the war

American Boy and His Wireless—John Baker, son of the U.S.A. War Secretary, with the wireless apparatus he has fitted to his bicycle

America's Wonder Temple—This model of a great temple which is to be erected on the shores of Lake Michigan is creating a great stir among architects, some of whom think it embodies an entirely new style. See page 3

Belgium's Gift to England—This beautiful group, which has just been unveiled on the Thames Embankment, has been given by Belgian refugees in gratitude for the hospitality they received while staying in this country during the war

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Friday by the proprietors, the Amalgamated Press, Limited, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Company; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency; India, A. H. Wheeler & Co.

N